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Flora Transmuta





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Flora Transmuta

A CALENDAR OF TRANSLATIONS

BY

MARIA BOWEN

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BOSTON
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1913

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H. B. Dec. 27, 1913

TO
E. A. G.

These translations were begun to occupy hours of convalescence, and continued because words insisted on coming to fit into versions of favorite poems. No one knows better than the translator all their shortcomings, but even a book of pressed flowers may give some idea of the beauty of the living originals. You encouraged the first attempts; will you accept these, and judge them as leniently as you judged the others?

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FLORA TRANSMUTA

JANUARY 1

Without this Love,
What would become of all the spheres that move,
The earth, the sea? By its own torch's flare
The stars are colored; light and order fair
It ministers to them; in peace maintains
The elements' discordance; hill and plains
It joins, and with eternal circling sweep,
Which seems but chance, and yet is wisdom deep,
It forms, unforms, and then renews the world.

METASTASIO.

JANUARY 2

When Dr. Martin Luther saw the cattle going to pasture, he said: "There go our preachers, the milk-carriers, butter-carriers, cheese-carriers, wool-carriers, who preach to us daily belief in God, that we should trust in Him as our Father, should trust that He cares for us and will feed us."

JANUARY 3

COURAGE

O heart, cease thy despairing,
Fling off thy heavy yoke!
Thou hast so much been bearing,
Canst bear alike this stroke.

Put on thy shining armor,
My heart, be free and brave!
Much harder work and warmer
Than love-songs must thou crave.
And though thy breast is bleeding,
Still onward go and fight!
Thou know'st how sweet exceeding
The swan sings in death's night.

GEIBEL.

JANUARY 4

ENEMIES

When thou dost find that thou hast enemies,
Then be thou glad, for all are not yet good.
Although thou needst not boast, be not ashamed
That thou hast enemies — who has them not
Nor can bear with them, of no friend is worthy.

JANUARY 5

But be thou truest friend to every foe,
And cease not still to give them words and looks,
Example, silence, and long-suffering patience,
And self-restraint, to thee most heavy burden!
The good man is of highest praise most worthy
Who can win back the foolish to good ways.

L. SCHEFER.

JANUARY 6

Wouldst thou know thyself, watch how others
are acting —

Wouldst thou understand others, look in thine
own deep heart.

SCHILLER.

JANUARY 7

MIDAS

Silenus, staggering with years and wine,
The Phrygian peasants held in bondage fine
Of woven garlands, and to Midas brought,
Their King, whom Orpheus and Eumolpus
taught

The Bacchic rites; and he, soon as he knew
His old companion 'midst the jovial crew,
Straightway commanded feasts should still
renew

Through twice five days, and nights in order
due.

JANUARY 8

And now the eleventh morn had forced to yield
The starry host, when to the Lydian field
The King came joyful, and Silenus brought
Back to his youthful pupil, who had sought
Him long, and now in gratitude decreed
The grant of any boon desired as meed.

He says, with choice as vain as it is bold:
"Cause that whate'er I touch be turned to
gold!"

Bacchus assents to the beseeching King,
Grieved that he should not ask a better thing.

JANUARY 9

Midas departs all joyful, and he tries,
Scarcely believing, if the promise lies.
A green branch from an ilex-tree he breaks;
Golden it grows as it his touch forsakes.
He lifts a little stone from off the ground;
Its color tinged with gold is straightway found.
The clods themselves before his potent touch
Become pure lumps of gold; his power is such
That ears of corn all gorgeous to behold
Are seen when he has plucked them.

JANUARY 10

If he hold

An apple from the tree, you would have told
Yourself the Hesperides had given the fruit;
And if his fingers touch the doors, they shoot
Bright radiance forth, and glitter far and near.
E'en when he wished in water flowing clear
To lave his hands, the water would appear

Fit to deceive fair Danae. His mind
An end to golden joys can scarcely find.
Attendants come to spread his ample board,
Piled up with food, with bread and all things
stored.

JANUARY 11

Then when the gifts of Ceres felt his hand,
Stiffened with gold before him did they stand;
And when he tried to bite them, in good sooth,
Hard metal pressed against his eager tooth.
Did he mix wine with water, fusile gold
Flowed through his mouth, congealing fast to
cold.

Astonished at this novelty of ill,
And rich and poor at once, his granted will
He fain would flee from, and his former love
Can now nought else but utter hatred move.

JANUARY 12

His hunger no abundance now relieves;
His throat burns, and just torments he receives.
To heaven his arms all shining does he raise;
"Pardon, Lenæus! I have sinned," he says;
"Have pity, and the specious gift remove."
Mild Bacchus, looking gracious from above,
Restores the one whom conscience did reprove.

“That thou mayst from the hated gold be freed,
Go,” says he, “to the stream near Sardis’ mead.
Along the bank betake thy way, and mount
Until thou comest to the river’s fount,
Then plunge thy head where most the bubbles
strike,
And cleanse thy body and thy crime alike.”

JANUARY 13

The King obeys. The golden powers fall
From off his body, tingeing stream and all.
E’en at the present time, the fields are pale,
The wet clods gleaming with the golden hail.
Now, hating wealth, he cared for wood and field,
And for the god whom mountain caverns shield.
But he remained still heavy in his mind,
His stupid thoughts still harmful did he find.

JANUARY 14

All lofty stands great Tmolus, gazing wide,
Upon the sea, with steep, ascending side.
Here Sardis, there Hypæpa stands beside.
Here for the Nymphs Pan makes his shepherd
songs,
On the waxed reed that to the god belongs.
And as he dared to place his lays before
Apollo’s, Tmolus’ judgment they implore.

The judge takes seat upon his mountain
crowned

With trees he clears away: his locks are bound
With a green oak-wreath, acorns hanging round.

JANUARY 15

Looking upon the shepherd god, he said:

“The judge is ready.” Then Pan raised his
head,

And set his lip against the pipe and blew,
And pleased King Midas with the sound so new.
Midas by chance was there. Then Tmolus’
face

He turned to Phœbus, and his woods apace
Turned also. His fair head with laurel
crowned,

His Tyrian mantle sweeping o’er the ground,
Apollo held his lyre with gems inlaid
And ivory, the while his right hand swayed
The moving plectrum, and his pose betrayed
The artist in his power.

JANUARY 16

Then the sweet strings
He strikes, and, captured as he sings,
Tmolus commands the Pan-pipes to submit
Unto the cithara, as is most fit.

This judgment pleases all except the King;
Midas alone calls it an unjust thing.
The Delian suffers not, in wrathful storm,
Such stolid ears to keep their human form.
He draws them out in length and fills with hairs,
And makes them movable, and so impairs
One part alone, in vengeance to bestow
Long asses' ears, that slowly moving go.

JANUARY 17

Midas indeed conceals them all he can,
And veils his loaded temples with the span
Of purple turban, but the servant, who
Was wont to cut his locks, had seen and knew.
He, when he does not dare to publish plain
What he has seen, nor silent can remain,
Goes off and digs a hole within the ground,
And whispers into it what he has found;
Then covers with the earth he threw away,
And satisfied and silent, goes his way.

JANUARY 18

A growth of trembling reeds began to rise,
And soon as it had ripened to full size,
It did betray its planter; for when soft
The south wind blows, full many a time and oft,
The buried words it whispers, and betrays
The master's secret, and his ears' disgrace.

OVID. METAMORPHOSES XI, 85-193.

JANUARY 19

Into the ocean wide Youth sails with a hundred masts.

Back to the harbor glides, in his boat, Old Age at last.

SCHILLER.

JANUARY 20

The winter brings thee wreaths, O Cæsar, for thy throne,

The roses once belonged to spring, but now they are thine own.

This wild asparagus shall be
As pleasant, O my friend, to thee,
As that most tender thorn
Ravenna's shore has born.

MARTIAL.

JANUARY 21

COURAGE

Courage has still and quiet bearing,
As still as patience and as strong;
No helm or sword it needs to carry,
It rushes not in victory's throng —

Courage the bride has at the altar,
With eyes cast down and hands in fold;
Courage the mother has who standeth
Beside her husband lying cold.

The laurel wreath repays the battle,
Rewards but cool courageous heart;
The deepest sorrow faints in silence,
No blood comes from the deepest smart.
He is the knight, he is the soldier,
Who in the conflict falls and dies;
He who complains not is true warrior,
He hero is who never sighs.

A. VON MALTITZ.

JANUARY 22

If you need doctors, take these three as best:
A cheerful mind, moderate food, and rest.

MAXIM OF SCHOOL OF HEALTH AT SALERNO.

JANUARY 23

Often you ask, O Priscus, what I'd do,
If I grew rich, and of a sudden too.
Whom do you think his future ways can see?
Were you a lion, what sort would you be?

MARTIAL.

JANUARY 24

EVENING

We sat in the fisherman's cottage,
And looked out over the sea;
The evening clouds were coming
And rising mistily.

The lights within the lighthouse
Were kindled one by one,
And in the furthest distance
We saw a ship alone.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of how the sailor lives,
And 'tween the sky and water,
'Twixt joy and anguish strives.

We spoke of distant coastlands,
Of the South and of the North,
And of the outland customs
That foreigners bring forth.

JANUARY 25

Of Ganges' light and fragrance,
Where trees gigantic tower,
And handsome, quiet natives
Kneel to the lotus flower;

Of Lapland's dirty people,
Low-browed, wide-mouthed, and small,
How round the fire they bake their fish,
And scream and gabble all.

The maidens listened earnest
Till silence came at last;
The ship we saw no longer,
The night grew dark so fast.

HEINE.

JANUARY 26

When you are very old, at eve, by candlelight,
Sitting beside the fire, spinning and winding
thread,
You will croon my verses o'er, and in wonder
will have said
Ronsard sang thus of me when my beauty was
so bright.
Then there will be no maid who (hearing you
repeat
Such words), however tired and falling half
asleep
Will not at Ronsard's name start up and wake-
ful keep,
Ronsard who crowned your head with immortal
praises sweet.
I shall be under ground, and, a thin and wan-
d'ring guest,

Among the laurelled shades I shall take my
 well-earned rest;
 While you crouch o'er the fire, a woman old
 and gray,
 Regretting all my love and all your bitter scorn.
 Oh! trust me, live to-day, and wait not for the
 morn;
 Gather, while yet you can, the roses in your
 way.

RONSARD.

JANUARY 27

THE BOY IN THE STRAWBERRY-BED

A child ran off into the wood
 One Sunday afternoon;
 A place he found where red and good
 Wild strawberries grew, and soon
 He picks and eats all he can eat,
 And thinks: "This is my evening treat."

A rustling comes among the leaves;
 A lovely Boy appears.
 He wears a coat like silverdust,
 A golden wand he bears.
 He shines like sunlight on the snow;
 Nought like it all one's life can show.

JANUARY 28

Then speaks the Boy: "What eat you there?
With you I will go shares!"
"Nothing," the little chap replies,
And lifts no cap, but stares.
Then says the Boy: "Thou eatest nought?
Rude child, then shall it profit nought."

The Boy is gone, and all the trees
Stand wrapt in fragrance rare,
A lovely Angel flies thereout,
Up into the blue air;
The child stands gazing as at bay,
Then rubs his head, and runs away.

JANUARY 29

Since then, no happiness he has
In eating berries more;
I never have seen such a sight,
They please not as before.
He may eat handfuls at his will,
And yet his hunger is not still.

What lesson do I find in this
For every child? One must
Be friendly to each stranger-man,
With word and greeting just,

And lift his cap at the right time,
Or shame will follow on the crime.

HEBEL.

JANUARY 30

CHANTICLEER

A widow poor, somewhat advanced in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a small cottáge,
Beside a grove, and standing in a dale.
This widow, whom I tell of in my tale,
Since that same day that she was last a wife,
In patiënce led a full simple life.
For little was her chattel and her rent:
By husbandry of such as God her sent,
She found herself, and eke her daughters two.
Three large good sows she had, three and no mo:
Three cows, and eke a sheep that she called Mall.
Full sooty was her bower and her hall,
In which full many a slender meal she eat;
Of piquant sauce she knew not, never a bit.
No dainty morsel passed through her throat;
Her diet was according to her cot.
Repletion did never make her sick;
Attempered diet was all her physié,
And exercise, and heart's good suffisánce.
The gout did never hinder her from dance,
Nor did quick apoplexy hurt her head.

JANUARY 31

No wine she drank, neither the white nor red:
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in which she found no
lack,

Singed bacon, and sometimes an egg or twain;
For she was, as it were, a dairymaid.

A yard she had, enclosed all about
With sticks, and with a dry ditch too without,
In which she had a cock called Chanticleer.
In all the land his crowing had no peer —
His voice was merrier than the merry orgón
On high mass days that in the church go on.
Full surer was his crowing in his lodge
Than is a clock, or any abbey orlóge.
By nature he knew each ascension
Of the equinoctial in that same town;
For when degrees fifteen were quite ascended,
Then crew he that it might not be amended.

His comb was redder than the fine coral,
Embattled as it were a castle wall.
His bill was black, and as the jet it shows;
Like azure were his legs and eke his toes;
His nails were whiter than the lily flower,
And like the burned gold was his color.

CHAUCER. NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE.

FEBRUARY 1

See that what you tie so fast,
You can untie at the last.

SPANISH PROVERB.

FEBRUARY 2

Dress a monkey in silk, and as fine as you will,
He is but a poor little monkey still.

SPANISH PROVERB.

FEBRUARY 3

The world belongs, or soon or late,
To him whose patience still can wait.

SICILIAN.

FEBRUARY 4

Not all who go to church can say
They go for nothing but to pray.

SICILIAN.

FEBRUARY 5

COMFORT

If all things come to meet thee,
And days were always fair,
If God took nothing from thee,
And gave no load to bear,

How would it be when dying,
O child of man, for thee?
Thou wouldst be wildly crying,
So dear the world would be.

Now one by one is falling
From thee each dearest band,
And cheerful canst thou journey,
Led heavenward by death's hand.
Thy fear is burst asunder,
Hope can her wings unfold;—
This word is often spoken,
Yet none too often told.

FOUQUÉ.

FEBRUARY 6

CARTHAGE

Here fell the fortresses of conquered Carthage,
And all its towers lie ruined on the shore;
Ah! how much fear did that fierce city once
Bring to the fields of Latium and Laurentum!
Now it is scarcely recognized, and hardly
Preserves its name and its far-scattered remnants;
Involved in its own ruins there it lies.
And should we then, unhappy race, lament,
When our poor body languishes through age,
Whilst every hour cities and kingdoms fall?

SANNAZARO.

FEBRUARY 7

Man has three friends in this world; how do they behave towards him in the hour of death, when God calls him before the judgment-seat? Money, his great friend, leaves him first, and does not go with him at all. His friends and relations go with him to the entrance of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third, whom in his lifetime he often forgot, is the number of his good works. These alone follow him to the throne of his Judge; nay, they go before him, bear him witness and obtain for him pardon and mercy.

HERDER.

FEBRUARY 8

LOFTINESS

Lofly lily, lofty lily!

None so proud as you in place;

Resting in your quiet grace,

Lofly lily, lofty lily!

Glad I gaze upon your face.

Lofly cedar, lofty cedar!

None are lonelier in their pride,

Yet the eagle by your side,

Lofly cedar, lofty cedar!

In securest nest can bide.

Lofty cloudbanks, lofty cloudbanks
Move above you proud and slow,
Sending down their lightnings' glow,
Lofty cloudbanks, lofty cloudbanks
Laying proudest forests low.

Lofty fire-flames, lofty fire-flames!
Countless lilies at your source,
Countless forests feel your force,
Lofty fire-flames, lofty fire-flames!
Whither goes your proudest course?

ARNIM.

FEBRUARY 9

Two little chambers has the heart,
And there within
Sorrow and joy each dwell apart.

If joy should ever wake in one,
Then slumbers still
Sorrow within its chamber lone.

O joy, take greatest care, and learn
To whisper low,
That sorrow wake not in its turn!

NEUMANN.

FEBRUARY 10

It is the hour when traveller's heart,
Turns with a homeward swell,
It is the hour when pilgrims start
To hear the distant bell;
The bell that sadly seems to mourn
The day that dies without return.

DANTE.

FEBRUARY 11

The flowers, that here are sent thee,
Greet thee a hundred times!
Full often have I bent me,
Indeed a hundred times,
And kissed them all so gently
A hundred thousand times!

GOETHE.

FEBRUARY 12

Be humble in God's sight,
His grace thou shalt obtain;
In simple things delight,
And great shall be thy gain.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

FEBRUARY 13

Hail, holy Cross, our only hope eternal.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

FEBRUARY 14

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

You came and went, and left but little trace,
A fleeting guest within this earthly place;
From whence, and whither? only this we know:
Out of God's hand, again to Him you go.

UHLAND.

FEBRUARY 15

Pure delight and perfect sweetness
Is the love of Christ our Lord,
Its possessor has completeness,
Strengthened by his Master's word.
Earthly things he makes his climbing stair,
Things celestial are his only care.

ST. BERNARD.

FEBRUARY 16

Let me remember the hour and the day, and the
smallest occasion.

Ah, who does not recall gladly the days that
are past!

All the sweet thronging pressure of hours joy-
ous and crowded,

Ah, who prizes enough treasure that hastens
to fly!

Small it appears at the time, but oh! not small
to the heart-beat;

Love and Art can alike render the smallest
thing great.

GOETHE.

FEBRUARY 17

Whilst his child yet lay very ill, Dr. Martin Luther said: "She is very dear to me; but, dear God, since it is Thy will to take her away, I shall rejoice to know she is with Thee." And while she lay in bed, he said to her: "Madalina, little daughter, thou stayest here right willingly with thy father, and thou goest also willingly to thy Father on high!" She answered: "Yes, dearest Father, as God wills." Then said her father: "Ah, dear child, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" And turning round, he added: "She is indeed very dear to me. If the flesh is so strong, what must the spirit be?"

FEBRUARY 18

Drive the enemy away,
Give us peace both night and day.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

FEBRUARY 19

Nail us, too, upon the Cross,
Where for us Thou suffered loss.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

FEBRUARY 20

The Lord of all commands us to be brave and
to believe,
And he who suffers to the end, a crown shall he
receive.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

FEBRUARY 21

PRAYER

O Lord, whom deep in heart I love, be with me!
In good and evil fortune be Thou with me;
In summer heat when manhood's cheek is brown,
As in youth's time of roses, be Thou with me;
Keep me from joy's excess and overflow,
And when I most despair of self, be with me.
Give of Thy Spirit to my song, to cleanse it,
And that no discord ever sound, be with me.
Thy blessing is as dew; myself I'm nothing,
That I may dare the highest, be Thou with me.
O Thou my comfort, strength, and truest sun-
light,
Until the end of all my days be with me!

GEIBEL.

FEBRUARY 22

THE END OF DAY

The end of day
 Freshens the plants and all their powers;
 As troubadour so gay,
 I would my homage pay,
 And sing the newest flowers
 At end of day.

The end of day
 Brings village pleasures in its train;
 See how the shepherds gay
 Dance and sing time away:
 After hard work, one loves amain
 The end of day.

The end of day
 Brings back to lovers mystery and shade;
 When Phœbus dulls his ray,
 Venus takes up her sway,
 And feasts with Mars are made
 At end of day.

FEBRUARY 23

The end of day
 Brings peace to every wildwood bird;
 Hidden in leaves away,

They fear no beak of prey,
And wait unseen, unheard,
The end of day.

The end of day
Often may see me into slumber fall;
When death takes me away,
All softly I shall say:
'Tis only, after all,
The end of day.

ARMAND GOUFFÉ.

FEBRUARY 24

WINTER SONG

How quiet art thou resting
In white and snowy vesting,
O mother-land of ours!
Where is the spring-time's singing,
The joys of summer's bringing,
And thy festal robe of flowers?

The Father, high in heaven,
For thee this dress has woven;
He sleeps not day nor night.
Then sleep thou, nor be dreary,
The Father wakes the weary
To newer strength and newer light.

Soon will the spring-time hover,
 And thou thy youth recover,
 And life and wonder rare.
 Its breath sweeps down upon thee;
 Then, earth, arise, and sun thee,
 With flowery wreath in hair.

KRUMMACHER.

FEBRUARY 25

TO RUFUS

ON THE NUPTIALS OF PUDENS AND
 CLAUDIA PEREGRINA

O Rufus, Claudia Peregrina weds
 My Pudens. Hymen, make thy torches
 shine!
 So mingle rarest cinnamon and nard,
 So blends sweet Thesean with the Massic
 wine;
 No better joined is elm with tender vine,
 No more loves lotus water, myrtle shore.
 May concord pure watch ever o'er their line,
 And Venus smile upon them more and more.
 May Claudia love him still when he is old,
 And still seem young to him when many years
 are told.

MARTIAL.

FEBRUARY 26

Præstabat castas humilis fortuna Latinas,
Casulæ, somnique breves, et vellere tusco
Vexatæ duræque manus, et proximus urbis
Annibal, et stantes Collina in turre mariti.

JUVENAL.

Ce que fit la beauté des Romaines antiques
C'étaient leurs humbles toits, leurs vertus
domestiques,
Leurs doigts que l'âpre laine avait faits noirs
et durs,
Leurs courts sommeils, leur calme, Annibal
près des murs,
Et leurs maris debout sur la porte Colline.

VICTOR HUGO—L'ANNÉE TERRIBLE.

In lowly fortune the pure Latin matrons
Excelled, in modest homes, and brief repose;
Their hands were roughened by the wool they
carded,
While Hannibal drew ever near the city,
And on the Colline tower their husbands
watched for him.

FEBRUARY 27

END OF ELEGY ON TIBULLUS

If we have aught beside a shade and name,
 Tibullus in Elysium shall remain.
 There thou shalt meet him, with fresh ivy
 crowned,
 Catullus, by thy Calvus' arm enwound.
 Thou too, O Gallus, spendthrift of thy blood,
 True to thy friend, although misunderstood,
 These shall be thy companions, worshipped
 one.
 Thy pious songs are ended now and done,
 In quiet urn may thy bones safely rest;
 And earth lie lightly on thine ashes blest.

OVID.

FEBRUARY 28

FOLK-SONG

O were I a wild falcon,
 I would spread my wings so wide,
 And never stoop me earthward
 Till my Lord's house I descried.
 And there with my strong pinions
 I would beat at my darling's door,
 Till bolt and bar flew open,
 And my darling stood before.

FEBRUARY 29

A GOOD PASSAGE

The clouds have departed,
The heaven is clearer,
And Æolus loosens
His tightly-drawn band.
The wind whistles shrill
And the skipper is busy;
Swift, swifter still
We move through the water,
The distance draws nearer;
I see the fair land!

GOETHE.

MARCH 1

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA

Now Æolus the raging winds confines,
And the bright morning star in heaven shines,
When Perseus, binding on his winged shoes,
From the wet grass brushes away the dews,
And having girded on his crooked sword,
Sprang from the ground, and through the
heaven soared.
Unnumbered nations far he leaves below,
And flies to Cepheus' fields, now fields of
woe —
Where the young daughter, for her mother's
boast,

Bound to the rocks where raging waters
tossed —

The son of Abas sees. At first he thought
The maid a work in Parian marble wrought,
Till, drawing nearer, Perseus then perceives
The rushing tears, salt as the foaming seas,
Flow down her mournful cheeks, and a light
breeze

Wave her long locks. Entranced he gazed,
His wings forgot to move, he stood amazed.

MARCH 2

At last he said: “O worthy, not of these,
But of such chains alone as join and please
Fond lovers — open to me, I implore,
Thy name, thy country’s name, and further-
more,

Why thou dost bear these fetters?” She at
first

Is silent, nor to look at him she durst;
Her modest face she vainly sought to hide
With both her hands, but those poor hands
were tied.

All that she could, her eyes with tearful
stream

She filled. But, at his prayer, lest she should
seem

To cover up some crime, she would redeem

Her name, and tells it plain, her land and
coast,
And how her mother's beauty made her boast.

MARCH 3

She had not finished, when a mighty wave
Broke into thunder, and a monster gave
Himself to view, high-towering o'er the sea,
And seeming to possess it utterly.
The maiden shrieks, and, hastening to her
cry,
Her sire and mother come, in misery,
Her mother justly. But no aid is sent,
Nought except floods of tears and loud
lament.
Then speaks the stranger: "Time enough
have you
For tears; the time is short for work to do.
If ye would know me, I am son of Jove,
Perseus, whom Danae, showered from above
With gold, brought forth; who conquered
snaky-haired
Medusa, who with borrowed wings has dared
Through air to pass. — A son to be pre-
ferred.
To add desert to this, I struggle hard.
May the gods favor! This alone I ask,
This maiden to be mine, when I have done
my task."

MARCH 4

They grant him this,—for who would
 doubt? — empower,
 Pray, promise all their kingdom as a dower.
 Behold, the dragon, as a ship from shore,
 Cuts through the waters with its prow before,
 Driven by sweating arms in youthful pride,—
 So he comes on, the sea disparting wide.
 He was as near as Balearic sling
 Can send its lead that flies with whirling
 spring,—
 When suddenly the youth, spurning the
 ground,
 Soared to the clouds, casting his shadow
 round
 Upon the sea, in which the monster raged.
 Then,—as the bird of Jove, who sees en-
 gaged
 A dragon, sunning all his livid back
 Within a field, swoops down, and makes attack
 Behind his neck, so that no turn avails,
 And fixes all his talons in the scales,—

MARCH 5

Thus headlong sent through air with swiftest
 flight,
 The son of Inachus descended light,
 And striking the beast's shoulder from the
 right,

Buried his sword up to its handle's height.
Stung by the wound, the dragon rises now
On high, and now dives down and deep below,
Turning at bay like to a raging boar,
Whom crowds of dogs surround with barking
 roar.

Perseus evades his bites with swiftest wings,
And where he sees advantage, there he
 springs ;
On back beset with shells, or sides, or tail
Ending like fish, his blows descend like hail.

MARCH 6

The monster belches waves of foam and
 blood.

Now Perseus' dripping wings no more are
 good

For any aid, nor dares he trust to-day
His winged shoes, all soaking with the spray.
He saw the pile of rocks that stands above
The quiet waves, is covered when they move.
Struggling to this, and holding by one hand
Its jagged points, taking his watchful stand,
His sword at the beast's vitals aiming true,
Three and four times he drove it through
 and through.

Applause and clamor fill the shore, and rise
To reach the upper region of the skies.

MARCH 7

Cassiope, and father Cepheus too,
 Rejoice, and call him son as is his due,
 Their house's present aid and saviour true.
 Then, set at liberty, her chains undone,
 The maid approached, cause and reward in
 one

Of all his labor, and, herself, she laved
 With water drawn, the weary hands that
 saved.

Medusa's head, to shield it from the sand,
 She lays on bed of leaves and twigs that stand
 Beneath the waters, growing there at hand.
 The fresh-cut branches, where the sap had
 passed,

Received the monster's power, and, harden-
 ing fast,

Into each leaf a novel rigor cast.

The Sea-Nymphs come, to try this wondrous
 game

With many boughs, and laugh to touch the
 same,

And scatter all the seeds abroad again.

E'en now our corals the same nature own,
 Drawing their hardness from the air alone,
 Pliant beneath the waves; above them, stone.

MARCH 8

To the three Gods Perseus makes haste to
raise
Three altars on the turf, where fire may
blaze;
The left to Mercury, the right to thee,
O warrior Maid! the midmost of the three
To Jove his father. And he offers now
A bullock to the wing-foot god, a cow
Unto Minerva, and a lordly bull
To him who over all the gods holds rule.
Then he bears off Andromeda, no thought
Of dowry mingling with the prize he sought.

MARCH 9

Hymen and Love shake both their torches
bright,
The fires are filled with odors as with light,
And garlands hang from all the roof's great
height.
The lyre and flute, and song, with sweet con-
sent
Sound everywhere, the cause and argument
Of happy minds; the doors, thrown open
wide,
The golden halls within no longer hide;
And all the nobles, dressed in rich attire,

Throng to the banquet of their King and
sire.

When they had cheered their minds, and
taken part

In feast, and wine from generous Bacchus'
heart,

The son of Abas asks if he may know
All of the race and worship they can show.

Lyncides answers him, narrating then

The manners and the customs of the men.

MARCH 10

"And now," he said, "O strongest one, I
pray

Tell us, O Perseus, in what wondrous way
And with what arts thou didst at length at-
tain

The snaky-locked Medusa head to gain."

Agenor's great descendant made reply,

And tells how under Atlas cold and high

A certain place in safe retreat doth lie,

Where the Phorcydæ, sisters grim, remain,

And have one eye to use between the twain;

This did he take by stealth as they exchanged;

And then through devious, hidden ways he
ranged,

Through forests rough, o'er rocky steeps he
passed,
And reached the Gorgon's dreadful home at
last.

MARCH 11

There did he see on fields and pathways
strewn
Those whom Medusa saw and turned to stone,
Of men and beasts the image manifold.
Yet he went on, and still did he make bold
To scan the dreadful beauty of her face,
Reflected in his shining shield's embrace;
And while asleep with all her snakes she lay,
Her head he severed, and escaped away.
He adds the story of the winged horse,
Sprung from the blood that issued from her
corse,
And how he flew o'er land and watery deep,
And touched the stars with his wide pinions'
sweep.

OVID. METAMORPHOSES IV. 663-789.

MARCH 12

Flesh from flesh He liberated,
Not to lose whom He created.

ROMAN BRIEVIARY.

MARCH 13

All thy saints shall flourish like the lilies,
As the balsam's odors shall they be.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MARCH 14

O Christ, O truest Charity,
Protect us from our enemy,
Receive us in our agony.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MARCH 15

At the fiery sun's decline,
O eternal Light divine,
Pour into these hearts of thine
Love and strength like richest wine.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MARCH 16

O Good Shepherd, bread of heaven,
Look with pity on our woe;
Feed us, guide us, stand beside us,
Make Thy Kingdom reign below.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MARCH 17

IN PRAISE OF THE ROSE

Some love a flower of azure hue,
Some, another color true;
One may choose the lily white,
 One the rich carnation red,
Some may blazon their delight
 In fragrant odors wide outspread.
But I, above each flower that blows,
Would choose the sweetness of the rose.

I love to sing of this fair flower,
Its crimson tint and all its dower.
 Venus, and Aurora too,
 Chose its beauty to adorn
 All their graces, and its name
 By the one I love is born.
I love, above each flower that blows,
To sing the honor of the rose.

MARCH 18

The rose is queen of all the race
Of flowers, in odor and in grace,
 For she surpasses every one,
 And should not, like a common flower,
 Fade at the setting of the sun,
 But flourish with unceasing power;
Above each lovely flower that blows,
I sing the honor of the rose.

She forbids not to any wight
 Her perfume or her beauty bright.
 But if one should be indiscreet,
 Then comes her little pointed spear,
 To give each roughness answer meet,
 And show none may approach too near.
 Above each lovely flower that blows,
 I sing the honor of the rose.

JEAN DE LA TAILLE.

MARCH 19

THE SIGN OF THE MARGUERITE

In April when sweet Love is born,
 I entered his garden gay one morn,
 And there a small and lovely flower
 Pleased me more than all beside.
 It was not the white Virgin's Bower,
 The pink nor the rose nor the lily in
 pride:
 It was the Marguerite so fair,
 In my heart it is always written there.

Its petals had started to unfold,
 And show its hidden heart of gold;
 Most perfect is it and has no peer,
 And longer lasts with its dainty tint

Than lily or violet sweet and clear,
Than rose that blushes without stint;
Forever written on each heart-beat,
Above all flowers, is the Marguerite.

MARCH 20

Others may praise the colors bright
Of flowers that die that very night,
As of the tender rose 'tis true
In one month only can it bloom:
But my little flower of modest hue
Will never fade nor give place to gloom.
In my heart is always written sweet
Above all flowers the Marguerite.

Please God that I at last one day
May kiss it my fill and have my way.
Let kindest love grant me this grace
That in good time I may pluck this
flower,
This little flower with rosy face,
That grows the lovelier every hour!
In my heart would be always written sweet
Above all flowers the Marguerite.

JEAN DE LA TAILLE.

MARCH 21

THE FAREWELL

Alas! the trumpet calls you from my arms!
The hosts array, and danger has its charms.
Go then, and conquer,—'tis a man's proud
lot,—

Follow your fate; but ah! forget me not.

To duty and to love alike be true,
When honor calls you, seize the laurel due:
For glory seek, a glory without spot,
Shun cruel death; but oh! forget me not.

MARCH 22

In peace I tremble even as in war;
What shall I do, so fierce my sufferings are!
So many beauties are there! well I wot
How you will please them; but forget me not.

Yes, onward go upon your conquering way;
The gods of love and battle with you stay.
Keep all your sweet, intoxicating lot,
Be always happy; but forget me not.

SÉGUR.

MARCH 23

THE LOAF OF ST. JODÓCUS.

To prove his servant's pure integrity,
The Lord came once to St. Jodócus' door
In poorest guise and begged a piece of bread.

"Give," said Jodócus, "give it to him,
Steward!"

"Sir," said the Steward, "but one loaf is
left us:

What shall we eat— you and the dog and I?"

"Give it," the Abbot said, "the Lord pro-
videth."

The Steward took his knife and careful
measured,

Then cut the loaf of bread with great exact-
ness

Into four equal pieces, giving one

Unto the beggar, saying none too friendly:

"One piece for thee, and one for each of
us!"

Jodócus smiled, and the beggar-man departed.

It was not long e'er in yet poorer guise
Again the Lord returned and begged for
bread.

“Give,” said Jodocus, “give the man my share!

The Lord provides.” And so the Steward gave it.

In a short while appeared, and yet more hungry,

For the third time, our Lord, and begged for bread.

“Give,” said Jodocus, “give him now thy share!

The Lord provides.” And so the Steward gave it.

MARCH 24

Again a while, and lame, blind, wretched, ragged,

For the fourth time the Lord implored for bread.

Jodocus said: “Give him the dog’s small portion!

The Lord who feeds the ravens will provide.”

The Steward gave the last piece to the beggar.

He went; and a clear voice spoke out of heaven:

“Great is thy faith, and true disciple art thou,—

As thou believest, be it done to thee.”

And as the Steward looked from the narrow
window,
Lo! four small ships came sailing to the
shore,
With bread and fruit and oil and wine full
laden.

The Steward hasted joyful to the strand.
No man he found, but in the stead thereof,
He saw a white flag waving, as he neared it,
Whereon in golden letters flamed these words:

“Four ships He sends who feeds the raven’s
hunger,
Unto the Abbot who four times has fed Him:
One for himself, one each for dog and Stew-
ard;
The fourth is for the Sender’s own poor
kindred.

KOSEGARTEN.

MARCH 25

A meadow and a group of girls
Picking flowers to deck their curls;
Swift they wander to and fro,
And they gather as they go;
Here are violets, Oh, see;

What is that? A fleur-de-lis!
 Others lovelier, one, two, three.
 There the roses further be,
 O me, how the thorns do prick!
 Some one come and help me quick.
 U, u, Oh, what jumps so there?
 A great black cricket, I declare!
 Here, come here, come one and all,
 Climbing on the bank we fall;
 Where is she? She is not here —
 Yes, I am! Well, come then, dear;
 Here are mushrooms not a few,
 Further on is wild thyme too.

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

MARCH 26

FAREWELL

Fare thee well, fare thee well, my love,
 To-day I must leave thee,
 Just a kiss, just a kiss give,
 I will ne'er deceive thee.
 But one flower, but one flower break
 From all thy tree may carry!
 Not a fruit, not a fruit to take
 Can I longer tarry.

UHLAND.

MARCH 27

MAXIMS

To all hypocrisy
Be a stout enemy ;
In all men's eyes we must at last show clear
What in God's sight we now appear.

Nothing in words and much in deed,
Brings work to end with quickest speed.

Lament no more, I counsel give
To the unhappiest that live.
Bad fortune turns to good, if only we
Through the bad fortune better be.

GLEIM.

MARCH 28

THE READING-BOOK

Wonderful the Book of Love is,
More than all. With care I've read it:
Fewest leaves are given to joy,
But quite half the book is sorrow.
Separation makes a section.
Meeting's but a little chapter,
Fragmentary. Grief fills volumes,
Lengthened out with explanations,
Measureless, without an end.

O Nisami! — yet at finish
 Thou hast found the only clue,
 Never to be loosened, never:
 If thou lovest self in loving,
 Loving brings it back to thee.

GOETHE.

MARCH 29

The winged messenger of day
 Tells us that light is near,
 Incites our hearts and minds to pray,
 For Christ recalls us here.

Rise up and leave your bed, He says,
 Put off your stupor ill,
 Be pure, be sober, and upright,
 Watch, for I come at will.

Weeping we answer when He calls,
 The Shepherd to His sheep;
 Our supplication so intense
 Forbids our hearts to sleep.

O Christ, Thou rousest us from sleep,
 Breakest the chains of night,
 Dissolvest bonds of our old sins,
 And bringest us new light.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MARCH 30

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE

A gentle angel moveth
Throughout this sinful earth;
All worldly want to comfort
The Lord has sent him forth.
Peace lies within his glances
With mildest, softest flame;
O follow on his footsteps,
For Patience is his name.

With faithful hand he leads thee
Through every worldly fear,
And tells thee, all so tender,
That better times are near.
When thou art fast despairing
He still is great of heart;
He helps thy cross to carry,
And smoothes the roughest part.

MARCH 31

He changes bitter sorrow
Into a milder grief,
And lulls, in quiet meekness,
The stormy heart to sleep.
He makes the darkest daytime
Slowly, but surely, light;
And healeth every sorrow,
Although not swift his might.

Thy tears he never chideth
 When he would comfort thee,
 He blameth not thy longing,
 But makes it quiet be.
 And when, with wildest murmur,
 Thou askest: "Why, O why?"
 He points, with steady finger,
 All smiling to the sky.

He has for every question
 No answer for thy fear;
 His word is always: Suffer!
 Thy resting-place is near.
 So goes he on beside thee,
 And little does he say;
 He thinks on the fair future,
 On the goal so great and gay.

SPITTA.

APRIL 1

Winter! behold the green!
 Dost know the news it's bringing?
 Now must thou quit the scene,
 The snowdrop bells are ringing!

TRINIUS.

APRIL 2

Love is rich in bitter and in sweet for all.
A little taste of honey, and a barrellful of gall.

PLAUTUS.

APRIL 3

IN PRAISE OF SERENA, WIFE OF
STILICON

Wherever through the grasses you may go,
Roses have risen, and white lilies grow.

CLAUDIAN.

APRIL 4

Joy that is shared is doubled joy,
But sorrow shared grows less by half.

TIEDGE.

APRIL 5

From overflowing hearts let praises sound;
Awake! all harmonies, beneath, around.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

APRIL 6

In the morning praise the Lord,
And at night our thanks record.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

APRIL 7

He who seeks the Saviour high,
Lifts his glances to the sky —
He is granted there to see
Sign of glorious liberty.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

APRIL 8

Tongue and mind and sense and vigor,
Let them praise in every part;
Charity with burning ardor,
Let it kindle every heart.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

APRIL 9

EASTER SONG OF THE ANGELS

Christ is arisen!
Joy to the mortal race,
Whom all earth's perishing,
Creeping, and cherishing
Needs may imprison.

Christ is arisen!
Blest are the loving,
Who through much moving,
Healing, behooving
Trials have risen.

Christ is arisen!
Out of destroying grave!
Break from your prison,
Joyous and brave.
Praise Him in word and deed,
Show love to all in need,
Give all your brethren food,
Publish glad tidings good,
Promise true joy indeed;
Still is the Master here,
Still is He near.

GOETHE.

APRIL 10

Labor is little,
And short is our life,
Great our reward
Of rest after strife.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

APRIL 11

Song and evil ne'er together dwell,
Where thou hearest singing, all is well.

Peace with singing still belongs,
Wicked people have no songs.

SEUME.

APRIL 12

To confirm a heart sincere
Faith alone suffices here.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

APRIL 13

HOW REASON DEFINES LOVE

Love there is in sundry wise,
As I shall here to thee devise —
For some love lawful is and good,
I mean not that which makes thee wood,
And bringeth thee in many a fit,
And taketh from thee all thy wit,
It is so marvellous and quaint,—
With such love be no more acquaint.

Love of friendship also there is,
Which maketh no man do amiss,
Of will so knitted betwixt two,
That 'twill not break for weal nor woe,
True of meaning, devoid of sloth,
For wit is nothing without truth:
So that the one dare all his thought
Say to his friend and spare nought.

APRIL 14

A good man burneth in his thought
For shame when that he asketh ought,

He hath great thought and dreadeth aye
With much unrest, when he shall pray
His friend, lest he refusëd be,
Till he prove his stability.
But when that he hath found [some] one
That trusty is, and true as stone,
And essayëd him at all,
And found him steadfast as a wall,
And of his friendship be certáin,—
He shall him show both joy and pain,
And all that he dare think or say,
Without shame, as he well may,
For how should he ashamëd be,
Of such one as I [have] told thee?

APRIL 15

When he knew his [friend's] secret thought
[A] third shall know thereof right nought,
For two is better [far] than three
In every counsel and secrecy:
Reproof he dreadeth never a dele
[If] he hath set his wordës well,
For every wise man, out of dread,
Can keep his tongue till he see need —
And fools cannot hold their tongue;
A fool's bell is soon rung;
Yet shall a true friend do more
To help his fellow of his sore,

And succor him when he hath need,
In all that he may do indeed,
Gladder [when] that he him pleaseth,
Than his fellow that he easeth —

* * * * *

APRIL 16

Another love also there is,
That is contráry unto this,
[Whose] desire is so constrained
That it is but will feigned;
Away from truth it doth so vary
That to good love it is contráry;
For it maimeth in many wise
[Feeble] hearts with covetise;
All in winning and in profite
Such love setteth its delight:
This love so hangeth in balánce
That if it lose its hope, perchance,
Of lucre, that it is set upon,
It will fail, and be quenched anon;
For no man may be amorous,
Nor in his living virtuous,
[If] he love more in [his] mood,
Men for himself than for their good:
For love that profit doth abide
Is false, and lasts not any tide.

CHAUCER. ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

APRIL 17

CROSSNESS

So cross, so cross am I!
Because I'm cross, that is why.
Sun shines too bright and clear;
Birds sing too shrill and near,
Wine is too sour and queer,
Too bitter is the beer,
Honey too cloying!
I am cross utterly,
Because I'm cross, that is why.
Yonder is music gay,
Yonder they dance and play,
Throw up their hats in glee,
How that displeases me!
Much more than I can say,
It is not to my mind,
Because I'm so cross, I find,
So cross am I to-day!

APRIL 18

Where'er I go or stay,
I see my shadow play;
And if the sky is gray,
Bad is this other way,
O, how annoying!
Winter's too cold for me,
Spring comes too suddenly,

Summer is much too warm,
Autumn brings such a swarm,
Flies buzzing through the air,
Flies and gnats everywhere,
O how that troubles me!
Provokes me bitterly!
How that my heart can sting!
All wrong is everything! —
I am cross utterly,
Because nought pleases me,
Because I'm cross as cross can be,
So cross, so cross am I!

L. BECHSTEIN.

APRIL 19

When thou art at work or sleepest,
When thou laughest, when thou weapest,
Full of grief or joyful art;
When thou comest, when thou goest,
And in pain or pleasure growest,
Keep the cross within thy heart.

ST. BONAVENTURA.

APRIL 20

HOME-COMING

O break not, bridge, thou tremblest sore.
O fall not, rock, thou threat'nest more,
World, disappear not; sky, pass not away,
Before I reach my dearest one, and stay.

UHLAND.

APRIL 21

A talent shapes itself in quiet stillness,
A character grows best in the world's great
stream.

GOETHE.

APRIL 22

“In this humble dwelling
Lodged once,” Evander said, “the great Al-
cides;
This was his palace. And if thou wilt lodge
here,
Dare, O my guest, to hold wealth in disdain;
Show thyself worthy of the God, and come not
With a harsh scorn into this poor estate.”

ÆNEID, VIII, 362.

APRIL 23

Many people are not worthy to do one single
good work; and, truly, it is a great thing for
a man to be worthy of doing one good work.

MARTIN LUTHER.

APRIL 24

SPRING GREETING

Lightly, brightly through my brain
 Lovely chimes are ringing;
 Ring, O song of spring, again,
 Into distance flinging.

Ring once more, and reach the door
 Where violets are meeting;
 If you see a rosebud there,
 Say I send her greeting.

HEINE.

APRIL 25

There in old time stood a castle
 Full of joy and war array;
 Stately lords and dames and pages
 In the torch-dance moved away.

Then the castle and the people
 Did a bad enchantress curse;
 Only walls are now remaining,
 Where the owls their cries rehearse.

Yet my blessed aunt has told me:
 "If, perchance, the one right word
 In the right hour of the night-time,
 In the right place is but heard,

Then the ruins change with quickness
Once again to castle bright,
And again with mirth are dancing
Many a lady, many a knight."

HEINE.

APRIL 26

TO HIS LADY

Fairest of fair and goodliest alive,
My secret heart to you I plain and shrive,
Requiring of your grace in my complaint,
Or to be healed, or martyred as a saint,
For by my truth, I swear, and by this book,
Ye may both heal and slay me by a look.

Go forth, my own true heart most innocent,
And with great humblesse do thine observance,
And to thy lady on thy knees present
Thy service new, and think how great pleasance
It is to live under the obeisance
Of her that may, with looks most kind and soft,
Give thee the bliss that thou desirest oft.

APRIL 27

Be diligent, awake, obey, and dread,
Be not too wild in all thy countenance,
But meek and glad, and this thy nature feed
To do each thing that may give her pleasance,

When thou shalt sleep, have aye in remembrance

Her image true, which may with looks so soft
Give thee the bliss that thou desirest oft.

And if so be that thou her name should find

Written in book, or else upon the wall,

Look that thou make, as servant true and kind,

Thine obeisance, as she were there withal;

Feigning in love is breeding of a fall

From the grace of her whose looks so kind and
soft

May give the bliss that thou desirest oft.

CHAUCER. (DREAM.)

APRIL 28

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF

Indeed, my child, quoth she, this is the truth;

For knights should ever be persèvering

To seek their honor without feint or sloth,

From well to better in all manner thing;

In sign of which with leaves for aye lasting

They are rewarded after their degree,

With living green which may not withered be.

APRIL 29

But aye it keeps its beauty fresh and green,

For there is not a storm may them deface,

Nor hail nor snow, rough wind nor frosts so
keen,

Because they have this property and grace.
And for the flower, within a little space
Will all be lost, so simple of nature
It is, that it no grievance may endure,
And every storm will blow it soon away.

CHAUCER.

APRIL 30

THE RIVER

The simple-hearted shepherd,
On the snowy mountain-side
Grown bent and hoary-headed,
His wonder cannot hide,
When he gazes mute and wistful
On the shadowy little spring
Of the Padus, as he listens
While a traveller will sing
All its praises, how the Adda
And Ticino it receives,
How it hastens proud and ample
To the sea, and how it leaves
Foam and thunder on its course,
And is given the crown of force.

CHIABRERA.

MAY 1

SONG

Is there a soft green lawn
 Where heaven its dew may shed,
 Where every day and dawn
 Some new flower lifts its head,
 Where one in handfuls may
 Pluck daisy and clover gay,
 There would I make the way
 For thy dear foot to tread!

* * * * *

Is there a dream of love,
 All perfumed with the rose,
 Where every day may move
 Some sweet thing to disclose,
 A dream that God may bless,
 Where soul to soul may press,
 Oh! I'd make that the nest
 Where thy heart should repose!

VICTOR HUGO.

MAY 2

ARION

What sea knows not Arion, or what land?
 His song made even running waters stand.
 Often a wolf that chased a lamb would stay
 Held by his voice, or lamb fell easy prey.

Oft did the dogs and hares together lie,
And stag and lion listening stood close by;
The chattering crow and owl allayed their
 strife,
The dove and eagle led harmonious life.
Cynthia herself was by thy strains deceived,
Wondrous Arion, so that she believed
It was Apollo's voice her ears received.
Arion's name filled the Sicilian land,
And captured even the Ausonian strand.

MAY 3

From thence returning home, Arion came,
The ship all filled with riches he had gained.
Perhaps the winds and waters made thee fear,
Unhappy one; but safer far, we hear,
The sea was than the ship, alas! 'tis clear.
For lo! the pilot stood with unsheathed sword,
And all the crew were armed with one ac-
 cord.

“What means this sword? O pilot, guide
 thy ship!

These are not arms that fit thy fingers' grip,”
Arion cries in fear, yet hastes to say:

“I ask not for my life, but only pray
For leave to take my lyre, and sing one lay.”
They give consent, and smile at such delay.

MAY 4

He takes his crown, suited for Phœbus' hair,
 His pall, twice tinged with Tyrian dye, to
 wear;
 His lyre, struck by his hand, returned its
 sound,
 In mournful numbers floating far around,
 Like dying swan pierced by an arrow wound.
 Then all adorned he leaps into the waves,
 The water dashing o'er the ship he leaves.
 Lo! faithful more than all, or so they say,
 A dolphin placed his curved back in the way,
 Arion rides secure, and sings his pay,
 Smoothing the waters with his cithara.
 The gods behold the pious deed, and raise
 The dolphin to the stars, and grant them
 grace
 To welcome a new comrade to his place.

OVID. FASTORUM, LIB. II, 83-118.

MAY 5

SNOWDROPS

Far off I hear a sound
 Like silver bells a-ringing;
 Time has fulfilled his round,
 And Spring her feast is bringing.
TRINIUS.

MAY 6

One alone was counted worthy
To become a sacrifice,
To prepare a port of refuge
For the world that shipwrecked lies.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 7

Lead us to light, where Thou inhabitest.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 8

Fountain of bliss, pour forth for all Thy
creatures.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 9

Great joys are joined to solemn, sacred feast;
Deep-hearted praises never yet have ceased.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 10

DESCENT OF GABRIEL

When Gabriel heard the task upon him laid,—
That the dim mortal sense be not confounded,
He for his earthly visit ready made,
His form invisible with air surrounded:

A human aspect, human limbs he made,
 But of celestial majesty compounded:
 He took the age just between youth and boy,
 And dressed his golden locks with rays of heav-
 enly joy.

TASSO.

MAY 11

RINALDO'S MORNING-PRAYER

Rinaldo climbed away from human sight,
 And, on the mount, first bending reverently,
 Lifted his thought high above every height,
 And fixed his eyes upon the eastern sky.
 "My former life," he prayed, "dark as this
 night,
 Behold, O Lord my God, with clemency;
 Pity my faults, and on me rain thy grace,
 That a new heart in me may take its place."

TASSO.

MAY 12

MUSIC IN THE WOOD

He wandered on, and heard a sound meantime
 That sweetly spread itself within the grove:
 He hears a brook whose little wavelets chime,
 Beside the whispering wind, and leaves that
 move;

With these the plaintive lays of swans keep
time,
And nightingales lament them of their love;
Organs and lutes, and human voice in song:
Such and so many sounds to one sound did
belong.

TASSO.

MAY 13

How I love to see the swallows
At my window, every year,
Come to bring me joyful tidings
That sweet spring is drawing near!
The same nest, they whisper softly,
Will again the same love see;
It is only faithful lovers
Can announce good days to thee.

FLORIAN.

MAY 14

MORNING IN CAMP

The dawn was still delaying immature
Within the east the breaking of the day,
Not yet did earth the ploughshare hard endure,
Not yet the shepherds to the fields made way.

Among the branches the birds stayed secure,
 No bark or horn yet scared their sleep away.
 When all at once the morning trumpet's call
 Sounded to arms! and echoes answered all.

TASSO. GER., LIB. XI, 19.

MAY 15

There is no need of death,
 To tame a noble heart,
 But only love and faith.
 Glory, and fame beside,
 Are not so hard a task,
 When following a dear guide.
 Love is the better part,
 And all that man would ask;
 And seeking love, one oft may find
 Immortal glory close behind.

THIRD CHORUS IN TASSO'S AMINTA.

MAY 16

O Love, what death dost loosen, thou dost bind;
 Thou art the friend of peace as he of war;
 A glorious, triumphant reign is thine,
 And while thou joinest souls without a jar,
 Thou mak'st this earth so like to heaven above,
 Thou dost not scorn to dwell here, not afar.
 No wrath or rage abides; each human mind
 Thou renderest placid, and all hate internal

Thou dost expel from hearts made soft and kind;
And with thy power supernal
Dost make of mortal things a circling globe
eternal.

FOURTH CHORUS IN TASSO'S AMINTA.

MAY 17

LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING

Within my garden smiles
Full many a flower glad;
Of all that there beguiles,
Love-lies-bleeding
Makes me sad.

Wherever mine eye turns,
The scarlet flower is there;
In glowing color burns
Love-lies-bleeding
Everywhere.

My pretty neighbors stand
And gaze with envious air,
And whisper: "Close at hand
Love-lies-bleeding
Is fair!"

I need not watch nor wait,
 It grows the whole day long;
 Who has in garden space
 Love-lies-bleeding
 Planted so strong?

MOSEN.

MAY 18

CHANGE

Bright, through cloudy screen,
 Dawns our life of change.
 Hopeful and serene
 Through it let us range.
 For a passage only
 Was this life so lonely
 Given us to exchange.

If a bright day shine,
 Joy in its full tide.
 Do the clouds decline?
 Patient still abide.
 Nought is blameless, small or great,
 E'en the hardest fate
 Has its better side.

Fair and darksome weather
 Refresh us from above;
 Both are mixed together
 By God's wisest love:

That our mind and heart
Bravely skyward start,
From the dust upgather.

Voss.

MAY 19

SHEPHERD'S HYMN

This is the Lord's own day.
One distant bell I hear,
Then stillness far and near;
On the wide plain alone I stay.

In prayer I bend my knee.
O sweet fear! gentle sound!
As if a hundred round
All knelt and prayed with me.

No cloud in heaven can stay;
Its solemn depths divide
As if they opened wide.
This is the Lord's own day.

UHLAND.

MAY 20

THE SEASONS

Spring comes, and Venus; Zephyr shakes his
wings
Before her footsteps, and fair Flora flings
Colors and odors that o'erflow all things.

Next is the time for heat and dusty corn,
 And yearly winds that from the north are born.
 Autumn approaches, Bacchus and his train,
 And other winds and tempests come again;
 Volturnus thundering on high is heard,
 And Auster strong with all his lightning stirred.
 At length the winter brings us back the snow
 And numbing stiffness, while the storm-winds
 blow,
 And Algis makes teeth chatter here below.

LUCRETIVS.

MAY 21

NAZARETH

August and holy Nazareth,
 Upon thy hillside lying,
 How art thou blest with greatest guest,
 Aloof from sin and crying!

The sun that rules the day,
 And roams the wide world over,
 No fairer sight from morn till night
 Can here on earth discover.

The Church's chosen nest,
 The end of all our sighing,—
 From heavenly coasts the angel hosts
 Around thee still are flying.

Behold the Holy Child,
His Father's wish fulfilling!
And by his side his Mother mild,
Maternal joy instilling.

MAY 22

St. Joseph is at hand,
His work is ever present,
Joined to his spouse by thousand ties
Of tender care incessant.

From each of these in turn
A tide of love outflowing
The Child surrounds and he abounds
In gifts of love's bestowing.

O may that love divine
Bind us in bond forgiving
With peaceful sway, and take away
All bitterness from living.

FROM THE LATIN OF POPE LEO XIII.

MAY 23

THE WATCHMAN

Listen, all, to what I tell!
'Tis ten o'clock; and all is well.
Now 'tis time for prayer and bed;
Let him whose conscience nought has said
Sleep soft and sound! In heaven's height
An Eye still watches all the night.

Listen, all, to what I tell!

'Tis eleven o'clock, and all is well.

They who toil and labor yet,

They who at card-tables sweat,

Let them now their reckoning keep,

It is high time for them to sleep.

MAY 24

Listen, all, to what I tell!

'Tis twelve o'clock, and all is well.

If, in all this deep midnight,

Any wake in grief and fright,—

May God grant a rest from pain,

And make them glad and sound again.

Listen, all, to what I tell!

'Tis one o'clock, and all is well.

If, with Satan's counsel strong,

Thieves on dark ways creep along,

Let them go home, for Heaven sees all;

Judgment, alas! on them will fall.

MAY 25

Listen, all, to what I tell!

'Tis two o'clock, and all is well.

If any, now, before the morn,

With gnawing care is racked and torn,—

Poor soul, give up thy anguish sore,

God cares, what hast thou need of, more?

Listen, all, to what I tell!
'Tis three o'clock, and all is well.
The night is passing fast away;
He who in peace awakes this day,
Let him thank God with joyful mind,
Go to his work, be good and kind.

HEBEL.

MAY 26

O Bride of happy fortune,
With every joy endowed,
Full of all grace of wifehood,
Lovely amidst the crowd,
With Christ the Lord united,—
We sing thy praise aloud.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 27

His townsmen asked Democritus one day
What was nobility, and he replied:
“For beasts it does in strength of body stay;
For men, in purity of habits tried.”

FROM THE SPANISH.

MAY 28

LIFE

Time flies onward like the brook,
 Like the cloud flies onward time,
 Fools with sadness on it look;
 But the wise, who for to-day
 Live, and not for morrow stay,
 Though time hasten like the wind,
 Can its wings of swiftness bind;
 If our earthly road be short,
 If it lead us soon to port,
 Let us, while it swift uncloses,
 Strew it o'er with roses!

GÖTZ.

MAY 29

O holy Paul, most excellent, great Doctor,
 Instruct us in each wise and righteous way,
 And bear our souls with thee on high to heaven,
 Now while our faith through veil discerns the
 day,
 And Charity instead of sun must stay.
 So may eternal glory, honor, joy
 Be to the Three in One, without alloy.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 30

Light eternal, light most blessed,
Dawned upon the golden day,
Day which crowned the Prince-Apostles,
Opening to the stars a way
Free to all repentant sinners
Who forsake their sins and pray.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

MAY 31

A CALM

Stillness rules o'er all the water,
Motionless lies all the sea,
At the level smoothness round him
Looks the sailor anxiously.
Not a breeze from any quarter,
Deathlike stillness everywhere!
And throughout the endless distance
Not the smallest ripple there.

GOETHE.

JUNE 1

THE SQUIRE'S TALE

At Sarra, in the land of Tartary,
There dwelt a king that warred against Russie
Through which there diëd full many a doughty
man:

This noble king was callèd Cambuscan,
Who in his time was of so great renown,
That there was nowhere in no region
So excellent a lord in everything.

* * * * *

This noble king, this Tartar Cambuscan,
Had two fair sons by Élfeta his wife,
Of which the eldest was named Algarsife,
The other son was callèd Camballo.

A daughter had this worthy king also,
That youngest was, and callèd Canace:
But for to tell you all of her beauty,
It is not in my tongue nor my knowing,
I dare not undertake so high a thing —

* * * * *

And so befell, that when this Cambuscan
Hath twenty winters borne his diadem,
As he was wont from year to year I deem,
He let the feast of his nativity
Be cried throughout all Sarra his city.

* * * * *

Full lusty was the weather and benign,
For which the birds, against the bright sunshine,
For the fresh season and the youngë green,
Full loud did sing all their affection.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
In royal vestments sat on his daïs,
With diadem, full high in his palace.

JUNE 2

And so befell that after the third course,
While that this king sat thus in his array,
Hearing his minstrels' instruments that play
Before him at his board deliciously,—
In at the great hall door all suddenly
There came a knight upon a steed of brass,
And in his hand a broad mirror of glass;
Upon his thumb he had a golden ring,
And by his side a naked sword hanging:
And up he rideth to the highest board.

In all the hall there was not spoke a word,
For marvel of this knight; him to behold
Full busily they wait both young and old.

This stranger knight that came thus suddenly
All armèd save his head and full richly,
Saluteth king and queen and lordships all
By order, as they sat there in the hall,
With so high reverence and observance,
As well in speech as in his countenance,
That Gawain with his old-world courtesy,
Though he were come again out of faery,
Could not amend him with a single word.

JUNE 3

He said: The King of Araby and Ind,
My liege and lord, upon this solemn day
Saluteth you as he best can and may,
And sendeth you, in honor of your **feast**.

By me, that am all ready at your hest,
 This steed of brass, that easily and well
 Can in the space of a day natural
 (That is to say, in four and twenty hours)
 Whereso you list, in drought or else in showers,
 Carry your body into every place
 To which your heart so willeth for to pace,
 Without a harm to you, through foul or fair,
 Or if you list to fly as high in the air
 As doth an eagle when he wills to soar,
 This same good steed shall bear you evermore
 Without a harm, till you be where you list,
 (Although you sleep upon his back or rest)
 And turn again, with twisting of a pin.
 He that it wrought, he knew full many a gin,
 He waited many a constellation,
 Before he did this operation,
 And knew full many a seal and many a bond.

JUNE 4

This mirror also, that I hold in hand,
 Hath such a might, that men may in it see,
 When there shall fall any adversity
 Unto your reign, or to yourself also,
 And openly, who is your friend or foe.
 And besides all, if any lady bright
 Hath set her heart on any manner wight,
 If he be false, she shall his treason see,
 And his new love, and all his subtlety

So openly that there shall nothing hide.

Wherefore against this lusty summertide,
This mirror and this ring, that ye may see,
He hath sent to my lady Canace,
Your all-excelling daughter that is here.

JUNE 5

The virtue of this ring if ye will hear
Is this, that if she pleases it to wear
Upon her thumb, or in her purse it bear,
There is no bird that flieth under heaven
That she shall not well understand his steven
And know his meaning openly and plain,
And answer him in his language again:
And every grass that groweth upon root
She shall eke know, and whom it will do boot,
Although his wounds were never so deep and
wide.

This naked sword, which hangeth at my side,
Such virtue hath that what man that it smite,
Throughout his armor it will carve and bite,
Were it as thick as is a branched oak:
And what man that is wounded with the stroke
Shall never be whole, till that you please of grace
To stroke him with the flat in that same place.
This is the very truth without a gloss,
It faileth not, while it is in your hold.

And when this knight hath thus his tale all
told,

He rideth out of hall, and did alight:
His wondrous steed, which shone all sunny
 bright,
Stood in the court as still as any stone.
This knight is to his chamber led anon,
And is unarmed, and to the meat is set.

CHAUCER.

JUNE 6

Open your gates, ye heavens above, receive Him!
He comes, triumphant over death and sin.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JUNE 7

The Cross is medicine of life,
Safety in danger, peace in strife.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JUNE 8

As little children tremble and take fright
At all things in the dark, so we in light;
And yet in no way greater are our fears
Than the dark terrors of their childish years.

LUCRETIVS.

JUNE 9

The dove's soft plumage, lying round its neck
And on its head, varies with every sunbeam.
For now it shows as red as any ruby,
And now it changes with the changing moment,
And seems to mingle emeralds with the blue.

LUCRETIVS.

JUNE 10

As a great oak on Taurus' height extending
Its arms, or pine with oozing gum and cones,
When the fierce whirlwind, all its force expending,
Tears it from out the ground with roots and stones:
Prone it descends, and drags adown all things
both small and great:
So fall the mighty ones of earth, and none can
stay their fate.

CATULLVS.

JUNE 11

The oak is strong that spreads its arms on Taurus' summit high,
And the great pine with oozing bark and cones
against the sky;
But let some conquering whirlwind come, borne
onward in its wrath,

It tears them up with all their roots, and sweeps
 them from its path;
 Prone do they fall, and downward drag all
 growth both far and near:
 So fall the mighty ones of earth, no more we see
 them here.

CATULLUS (SECOND VERSION).

JUNE 12

ON THE GARDENS OF JULIUS
 MARTIAL

The few, small acres of my Julius Martial
 More blest than all the Hesperid gardens fair,
 Lie on the Mount Janiculan extended.
 Wide grottoes hang along the hillsides there,
 And on the top, with gentle swell ascending,
 One breathes a milder and serener air;
 E'en when the valley-lands are veiled and misty,
 The sun shines with peculiar brightness there.
 The slender towers of the lofty villa
 Rise gently to the pure and starry air.

Hence one can see the seven hills triumphant,
 And estimate the length and breadth of Rome,
 The Alban Mount and Tuscan, and cool places
 That lie beyond the city heat and foam,
 Fidenæ old, Rubra the small, and further,
 Anna Perenna's apple-orchard home.

JUNE 13

From hence the traveller on the Way Flaminian,
Or the Salarian, plainly can be seen,
With silent chariot, and no wheel molesting
Our soft and gentle dreams breaks in between;
Nor are they broken by the cries of sailors
Nor porters' clamor, though so near are seen
The Mulvian Bridge, and all the ships that
swiftly
Pass over sacred Tiber's waters green.

This lovely farm, or rather house we'll call it,
Still further is commended by its lord;
So hospitable and so free its welcome
That thou wouldst think it was thine own
award,
Or deem it home of pious King Alcinous,
Or what Molorchus lately could afford.
You who think these but things of small impor-
tance,
Go conquer cool Præneste's meadows all
With hundred ploughs, or give the slopes of
Setia
To but one colonist his own to call.
To be preferred to these, in my opinion,
Are Julius Martial's acres few and small.
MARTIAL.

JUNE 14

Old things recede, and all things are made new,
Hearts, voices, deeds, are renovated all.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JUNE 15

Heart, my heart, be not so shaken,
Strong and brave, endure thy fate;
For another spring, though late,
Brings thee back what winter's taken.
Much is yet for thee remaining,
And the world is still so fair!
Heart, my heart, all that is there
Mayst thou love, thyself maintaining.

HEINE.

JUNE 16

Supernal Author of mankind,
Thou Who hast all things designed,
Earth brings forth at Whose behest
Race of reptile and wild beast,
Bodies of strange creatures vast
Through the tract of ages past,
To prepare for man at last:—
Give us grace in Thy employ,
Give reward of endless joy;

O repel all base desire
That can urge with stealthy fire,
Either thought or act inspire;
Make our warring strife to cease,
Closer draw the bonds of peace.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JUNE 17

O marvel! infant Love that scarce is born,
Already spreads his wings abroad and flies;
All armed he triumphs, laughing us to scorn,
And grows before our eyes.

NÆVIUS.

JUNE 18

Anna mine, sweet Anna, ever
New and brighter, yet the same,
Sweetness more and more I gather,
Only saying thy dear name.
Everywhere I try and prove,
Neither here on earth can move,
Or in harmony above,
One sole thing of sweeter frame.
Heaven and earth but one thing say,
And my heart says that always.

STROZZI.

JUNE 19

Our talk is not of others' house or race,
 Nor if the dancing hare danced well or ill,
 No, but of things that more ourselves may grace,
 Concern us more, and which 'tis evil still
 If we know not: is man made truly blest
 By riches or by honor? what is best
 To start a friendship, profit or the right?
 And what the nature is of good and what its
 height.

HORACE.

JUNE 20

The mighty ocean awaits us now:
 Let us go far off to the happy isles,
 To the blessed shores where the harvest smiles,
 Where the soil, unploughed, rich abundance
 pours,
 Where the vine unpruned hangs its clustered
 flowers,
 Where the olive always ripe is found,
 And the tender fig adorns its bough.
 Wild honey drops from the ilex round,
 And with silver foot the limpid rill
 Descends from mountain and lofty hill.

HORACE, EPOD. 16.

THROUGH ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

JUNE 21

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship divine, from heavenly elevation,
Down to the earth that begs for thee descend-
ing,
And for its wounds in kindest love extending
The peaceful balsam of soft consolation,—
Glory of us poor mortals,
All hail! thou dost remove from human living
Full half of all its evils;
And of its good, a kind refreshment giving,
Thou art the only part that in full measure
Renewest all our quickly-passing pleasure.

DON ALBERTO LISTA.

JUNE 22

LOVE

Tell me, my heart, my burning heart,
What is this word called love?
— It is two souls and but one thought,
Two hearts in one that move.

Tell me from whence this love may come?
— It comes because it grows!
But tell me why love flies away?
— 'Tis not love if it goes!

JUNE 23

Tell me what is the truest love?

— What in another joys.

And what's the most unconquered love?

— What makes the smallest noise.

How is it that its riches grow?

— In giving all away.

And how does all its ardor speak?

It loves — it does not say.

ANON.

JUNE 24

TO JUVENAL

Whilst thou perhaps, O Juvenal, dost wander

Within the clamorous Suburra street,

Or climbest up the hill of Queen Diana,

Or on each Cœlian mount fatigue thy feet;

While at the threshold of the rich and great

Thy toga gives all breeze that thou canst
meet;—

Me Bilbilis receives, and makes a rustic

Once more, Decembers many passing by,

Bilbilis, proud of all its gold and iron,

And here, with pleasant labor, lazily

I cultivate Botrodes and Platea,

Rough names that suit the Celtiberian sky.

JUNE 25

Long sleep and sound is mine, and often lasting

Until the third hour of the morning break,—

You see that now at last I quite repay me

For thrice ten years I had to watch and wake.

A toga is unknown here, robes are taken

From off the nearest place, some broken chair ;

And when I rise, a splendid fire awaits me,

Built from dry branches that my oaks can
spare.

The farmer's wife crowns this with many an
olla,

And her good husband watches over all,

Gives to the boys their tasks, and asks permis-
sion

To cut for them their length of locks that fall.

Thus would I live, while all my days pass by,

And thus, O Juvenal, here would I die.

MARTIAL.

JUNE 26

RONDO

Return, dear ; too long is thy stay ;

It brings me but sorrow and pain.

I need thee each hour of the day.

Return, dear ; too long thy delay :

There is no one on whom I can stay,
None will help till thou comest again.
Return, dear, too long thy delay;
It brings me but sorrow and pain.

FROISSART.

JUNE 27

TRIOLETS

Good it is to gaze upon her,
She's so gracious, kind, and fair!
For the gifts and graces in her,
All her praises do declare.

Who can weary looking on her?
Still her beauty grows more rare;
O! how good to gaze upon her,
She's so gracious and so fair!

Here on land and over ocean,
Lady bright or damsel rare,
Know I none so perfect fair —
'Tis a dream to think upon her:
O! how good to gaze upon her!

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

JUNE 28

SONG MATERIAL

On my darling's pretty eyes
I write Canzonettas;
On her mouth curved Cupidwise
I write gay Terzinas;
On her cheek where the dimple lies
I write splendid Stanzas;
And if my darling had a heart,
A pretty Sonnet should play its part.

HEINE.

JUNE 29

LOVE

Love held the world safe in its arm,
The child lay there all still and warm.
But ah! the child fled soon away,
And Love looked on in sad dismay;
Childhood's so rich in innocence,
And worldly wisdom poor in sense:
Nothing but thoughts in endless strife,
Like swarm of bees outflown from hive;
O pitying Love, descend and come,
And take thy child back to its home.

RÜCKERT.

JUNE 30

Lovely flower, thou dost remind me
 Of my lady's blushing face,
 In like fetters thou dost bind me
 When I look upon thy grace.
 For her beauteous smile,
 Her serene regard,
 Blindly all the while
 I gaze and gaze so hard.
 But the morning flies,
 Dear rose, and storms arise,
 Storms that will destroy,
 With thee, my life and joy.

STROZZI.

JULY 1

Sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop,
 All my sins to wipe away,
 Wash me in Thy sacred fountain,
 Cleanse this soul, I humbly pray.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JULY 2

ITALIAN FOLK-SONG

My Nani dear walks in the field,
 Before his steps the grasses yield,
 They bow their heads and reverence make;
 Their hearts love long for patience's sake.

JULY 3

ON A BAS-RELIEF OF CUPID SET OVER
A FOUNTAIN

In vain, O sculptor, dost thou carve
Love's form above this fountain-place:
For all its waters, gushing forth,
The flames of Love cannot efface.

ZENODOTUS.

JULY 4

AN OLD COURTIER

Old Crispus never swam against the stream,
Nor was he one to speak his mind, nor deem
That he must hang his life on truth. Not he.
Thus in base safety did he live to see
Full many a winter, until came at last
His eightieth solstice, and with that he passed.

Believe it basest crime to choose
Breath before honor, and to lose
For this poor life, the things for which we live.

JUVENAL.

JULY 5

TREASURE-TROVE

Into the woodland
I strolled one day;
Nothing I sought there
But idle play.

I saw in the shadow
A sweet flower lie,
Like a star of brightness
Its opened eye.

I wished to pluck it,
But gently it said:
"I shall wither away
All broken and dead!"

With its tender rootlets
I dug it out,
And bore to my garden
And little house.

Again I set it
In quiet place,
And now it branches
And flowers apace.

GOETHE.

JULY 6

THE BEE

In the shadow of a lime-tree
Silvia sat, with Phillis fair;
I was with them and I'll tell you,
If you can a moment spare,
What I saw; for on a sudden
There came flying through the air

One of Sylvia's bees that hunted
Through the flowery meadows there,
Seeking honey; and on Phillis,
On her cheek with blushes rare,
Settling,— seeming to declare
It was redder than the roses,—
Stung poor Phillis unaware.
Then we brushed and drove him from her,
And she wept in sad despair.
“Do not cry,” said gentle Sylvia,
“I can take away the sore.”
So she murmured mystic verses,
Words I never heard before,
On the wound her kisses pressing.
Wonderful to tell! no more
Phillis wept, for pain departed.
Either 'twas the magic lore
Of the wondrous charm, or, rather,
Those sweet lips that I adore.

TASSO.

JULY 7

Who believes in Christ must suffer indeed;
Suffering prays for help in need,
Prayer asks to be comforted,
Comfort thanks the Lord who bled,
Thankfulness then will teach another,
Tries his best and converts his brother,

Promises comfort and strength without measure ;

Who follows this course as his greatest treasure,

He runs the right way ever and aye,
Till he reaches blessedness on high.

LUTHER. LATIN VERSES ON THE RIGHT USE OF
THE PSALMS.

JULY 8

EVENING BY THE SEA

O sea in evening-glow!
Beside thy quiet shore,
After long days of woe,
I feel a child once more.

My heart forgets the aim
It sought so wearily,
And every groan is changed
To softened melody.

Only a gentle sigh
Still glides throughout the mind,
As on the quiet sea
One white sail we may find.

ALFRED MEISSNER

JULY 9

Who shall be Master?
Who can invent.
Who shall be Journeyman?
Who works with content.
Who shall be Scholar?
Every one at his bent.

JOHANNES AGRICOLA

JULY 10

Maker of men, who orderest all things well,
Behold thy creatures who from right have
 strayed;
O guide us back, our wrong desires repel,
In mercy break the chains our guilt has
 made;
And in their stead let gifts of grace distil,
And bonds of peace hold each to other still.

ROMAN BREVIARY

JULY 11

Celestial city of the blest,
Vision of peace and joy and rest,
Thy gates of pearl are open wide,
Open to all on every side;
But narrow path and steepest way
Leads from our darkness to thy day.

ROMAN BREVIARY

JULY 12

Cowardly thinking,
Wavering, sinking,
Womanish crying,
Despairing and sighing
Ward off no evil,
Leave thee a slave!

Against hostile might
Valiant to fight,
Yielding thee never,
But full of force ever,
This brings a blessing,
The Gods help the brave.

GOETHE.

JULY 13

ON VIRGIL'S BIRTHDAY

O Ides of May, ye saw Mercurius born,
The Ides of August hears Diana's horn,
October's Ides has Maro consecrated;
Keep the two first, both this and that in turn,
Ye who great Maro's birth have celebrated.

MARTIAL.

JULY 14

THE PHŒNIX

'Tis said that only the Arabian bird,
The phœnix, can regenerate itself —
It does not feed on herbs or seeded corn,
But on the tears of incense does it live,
And on all sweet and aromatic juices:
And when its life has filled five centuries,
Or to an oaktop or the very summit
Of some tall, tremulous palm it takes its flight,
With beak and claws to fabricate its nest.
Then on the same it piles full many a layer
Of cassia, nard, and cinnamon, and myrrh;
And lying down on the constructed pyre,
It is consumed, and dies amidst the odors.
Then, so the story goes, the new-born phœnix,
That it may be preserved to equal age,
Springs up renewed from the maternal ashes;
And when it has acquired sufficient strength
To bear the weight, it gently separates
From off the tree its nest, both tomb and cradle,
And flying through the air to Egypt's shores,
It piously transports it, and at threshold
Of the bright temple of Hyperion hangs it.

OVID. TRANSLATED INTO ITALIAN BY BONDI.

JULY 15

MADRIGAL

Cool and tranquil lay the fountain,
 Love's own fount, he showed one day,
 While the woods and hills were burning
 In the noontide's dazzling ray.
 I, who longed for shade and coolness,
 Swiftly ran, but dared not stay;
 Such sweet beauty lay around it,
 I would not disturb its sway —
 But I lingered, gazing fondly,
 Standing on the shady bank,
 All intent to hear the murmur
 As the bubbles rose and sank.
 Sweet refreshment for my anguish!
 Now no longer hard to bear
 Passion seemed, nor death, nor longing —
 All ye icy clouds, beware!
 Hence, all dark and gloomy weather!
 That this water bright and fair,
 With the shadows that surround it —
 No less dear beyond compare,—
 Joy and gladness may bring,
 Till the woods and meadows sing.

G. STROZZI.

JULY 16

MAY MORNING

How radiant shineth
Fair Nature to-day!
With laughing meadows
And sunbeams gay!

From every twig
The flowers outrush,
And a hundred voices
From every bush,

And joy and rapture
From every breast.
O earth, O sunlight!
How happy and blest!

O love, O loving!
So golden-bright!
Like clouds of morning
On yonder height.

Thou crownest the fields
With blessing and mirth,
With flower-fragrance
Thou fillest the earth.

O maiden, dear maiden,
How love I thee!
How shining thine eyes are!
How lovest thou me!

So does the lark love
 Song and the air,
 So do the flowers love
 Heaven's dewdrops fair,

As I give thee all
 My heart's full dower,
 And thou givest me joy,
 And youth, and power

For newer songs,
 And for dancing feet.
 May love and blessing
 For thee still meet!

GOETHE.

JULY 17

To earthly bodies cometh heavenly strength,
 And only after battle, peace at length.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JULY 18

Through pathways chosen for us lead our feet;
 Smooth ways or rough, Thou knowest what is
 meet.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JULY 19

This, the work of our salvation,
When we all were stained with crime,
God accomplished through the Saviour,
In the plenitude of time.

On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Immolated for our sake,
By our sins nailed there and wounded,
Death most bitter to partake.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

JULY 20

COLUMBUS

The soul not chosen for a lofty fate
Neglects magnanimous and mighty tasks,
But a great heart great labors only asks,
Fatigue rejoices it, however great.
Nor does the frail restraint of vulgar fame
Hold back the course of spirit pure as flame.
Thus for long time did basest ways o'erwhelm,
When Europe proudly scorned a noble hope;
People and King despised with equal scope
The naked sailor promising a realm;
But where the waves of unknown oceans roll,
He urged the unconquered prow to his own
goal.

JULY 21

And as a man hastes homeward out of breath,
 So he set all his sails upon his mast,
 Rushed through the sea, sustained its tem-
 pests' blast,
 Conquered the crude imaginings of death;
 Then when the battle of the ocean passed,
 Looked on the wondrous fabled land at last.
 Then from his hollow ship swift to alight,
 He prints his footstep firm on the new world,
 While through the air as quickly is unfurled
 The banner of the Cross, heaven's sign so
 bright;
 And kneeling low, he gives example due,
 Adoring it with all his vessel's crew.

CHIABRERA.

JULY 22

LONGING

A pine-tree standeth lonely
 In the North on a barren height.
 It slumbers, while the snowstorms
 Envelop it in white.
 It dreams of a fair palm-tree,
 Far off in Eastern land,
 That still and lonely mourneth
 On its burning rocky strand.

HEINE.

JULY 23

A ROSY WREATH

O fragrant crown, whether thy roses come
From Pæstum, or from Tiber's fields, or
where
The Tuscan land is rosy with thy bloom;—
Whether the peasant in some garden fair
Of far Præneste plucks thee, or in rare
Campanian land thou art the chiefest prize;—
To make thee loveliest in Sabinus' eyes,
Tell him thou com'st from my Nomentan
home.

MARTIAL.

JULY 24

SONG

Darling, go see if the rose
That this morning comes to disclose
Its crimson robe to the sun,
Will not lose at the twilight hour
All the folds of its rosy dower,
And its color, like yours alone.
Alas! for how little space,
Darling, it keeps its place!
Its beauty must fade and leave.

O Nature is cruel, be sure,
 Since such lovely flowers may endure
 Only from morn till eve.

Then, darling, list to my word:
 While yet you blossom abroad
 In beauty and freshness gay,
 Rejoice, rejoice in your youth!
 Old age cometh fast, in truth,
 Like the rose, to take it away.

RONsARD.

JULY 25

FIVE THINGS

What shortens time for me?
 Activity.
 What makes it longer than one can guess?
 Laziness.
 What brings one into trouble?
 Waiting for double.
 How is victory sought?
 By no long thought.
 How is honor decreed?
 By taking good heed.

GOETHE.

JULY 26

BOAT-SONG

“ O boatman!” cries Lisette,

“ I would cross the ferry there;

But alas! I am too poor

To pay you any fare.”

Colin gives answer due:

“ Come all the same, my dove,

And swift may the boat go

That carries my love.”

“ I return,” says Lisette,

“ To my father’s own land;”

“ Do you think,” Colin cries,

“ He would give me your hand?”

The maiden makes answer:

“ That one can but prove;

And swift may the boat go

That carries my love.”

And now after marriage,

At work in his boat,

Colin still is the best

Of all husbands afloat.

And always he sings,

Other songs all above:

“ Oh, swift may the boat go

That carries my love.”

E. DE PLANARD.

JULY 27

FORTUNIO'S SONG

Think not I will breathe
 The sweet name I adore,
 For an empire I would not,
 Though you should implore.

In the dance we will sing,
 And keep time with our feet,
 That I love her and she
 Is as fair as the wheat.

I do all that her fancy
 Would have me to do,
 If she wishes my life,
 I would give it her too.

I will bear all the ills
 Of a passion unknown,
 With heart torn and bleeding,
 Until my last groan.

But too much do I love
 To dare speak or proclaim;
 I will die for my dear one,
 And not breathe her name.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

JULY 28

Upright of life and free from stain of evil,
One needs not Moorish javelin nor crossbow,
Nor quiver heavy with envenomed arrows,
Fuscus, dear comrade,

Whether the way lies through the stormy
Syrtes,
Or through the most inhospitable country
Caucasus, or where flows the wondrous, fabled
River Hydaspes.

For a fierce wolf within the Sabine forest,
While I was singing of Lalage, and straying
Far beyond bounds, unguarded, free and care-
less,—

Fled from my footstep:

Such monster neither proud and warlike
Daunias
Keeps in its sides all thick with winter oak-trees,
Nor does the land of Juba bear, the arid
Nurse of the lions.

Place me where now upon the barren deserts
No tree is ever cooled by summer breezes,
Within that zone where cloudy and ill weather
The sky sends downward:

Place me wherever the fierce sun burns nearest,
Within a land denied to mortal dwellings,
Still will I sing my Lalage sweet-smiling,
Sweetly discoursing.

HORACE. I, 22.

JULY 29

POLYPHEMUS TO GALATEA

O Galatea, hither come : what pleasure canst discover

Within the waves, while here on land the smiling
spring will hover?

Beside the brooks the earth pours forth its
flowers of varied hue,

And the white poplar leans its head the hill-
side cave to view ;

The grapevine weaves its tendrils soft, and
winds them o'er and o'er ;

O hither come ; leave the wild waves to beat
upon the shore.

VIRGIL. BUCOLICS IX, 39.

JULY 30

CONFIDENCE

As far as earth extends her zone

The fruit of love shines bright,

And every heart obtains its own,

If it but seeks aright.

Let all thy careful sorrows go,

The heavens are ever blue ;

Pleasure and pain change to and fro,

Trust in the good and true.

TIECK.

JULY 31

MY NORMANDY

When hope again springs fresh and bright,
And winter flies from us afar;
And o'er our France with sky so light,
The sunbeams soft and warmer are;
When nature once again is green,
When swallows back to us return,
Once more I'll see my Normandy,
It is the land where I was born.

I've seen Helvetia's alpine fields,
Her chalets and her glaciers rare;
I've seen Italian skies and shields,
And gondolas in Venice fair;
Each country bright and lovely seems,
But still I say: No place or bourne
Is fairer than my Normandy,
It is the place where I was born.

There is a time in every life
When fancies die and have an end,
A time when soul can cease its strife,
And needs remembrance as a friend;
When my poor muse, grown chill and cold,
Turns all my love-songs into scorn,
I will go see my Normandy,
It is the land where I was born.

F. BÉRAT.

AUGUST 1

CLOUDS

Tender little cloudlets hover
 High in heaven here and there,
 Brightest life and easy labor,
 Unknown meanings they declare.

On these white and moving cloudlets
 Strikes at eve a sunbeam fair,
 And the sun spins with its distaff
 Golden webs throughout the air.

So within thine own sweet heaven,
 Love and goal of all my life,
 Floats a cloudy veil and turmoil
 Made of thoughts and motions rife.

With thy soft and radiant glances
 Thou dost order what is there,
 All to snare unhappy mortals,
 Making golden nets and rare.

LÆBEN.

AUGUST 2

ÆTNA

The waving fires of Ætna how often have we
 seen,
 The Cyclops' broken furnaces and ragged cliffs
 between!

Great balls of flame burst glowing forth, and
lava's liquid stream,
Till all the fields are covered wide, and beds
of ashes seem;
Far-off Germania hears the sound of battle in
the sky,
And tremble with unwonted fear the Alpine
mountains high.

VIRGIL. GEORGICS I, 471-475.

AUGUST 3

I know the mind of womankind:
What you wish, they will not have it;
What you wish not, all the more they crave it.

TERENCE.

AUGUST 4

Out of life two ways are opened for thee:
To the Ideal leading, and to Death.
Choose the first before Fate comes and drives
thee
On the second swift and out of breath.

SCHILLER.

AUGUST 5

TALK OF THE WAVES

Hear one wave say to another:

"Oh, how quick we pass, my brother!"

Hear the answer back again:

"Shortest life means shortest pain!"

R. TANNER.

AUGUST 6

PROCESSION IN HONOR OF JUNO

Since in Falerian orchardlands was born
My wife, I've seen the walls by sieges torn
In proud Camillus' conquest; and 'tis there
The priests in Juno's name their feast prepare
With famous games and bulls from pastures
fair.

Great is the gain if one delays to know
The rite, though steep the pathway from below.
Here is a grove, ancient and dark with trees,
Its very look tells you a god dwells there.
Within it stands, for incense and for prayer,
An old-time altar, without art to please.
Here when the pipe begins its solemn song,
The annual pomp comes on o'er carpets strewn
along.

The snowy heifers slow are led among
The people's plaudits, and the bullocks tread
Not now with threatening fronts, creating dread.

AUGUST 7

Then lesser victims, swine from humble sty,
And the herd's leader, with horns curving high;
A kid, sole object of great Juno's hate,
Said to have found her in the deep woods late,
And thus disclosed her flight and changed her
fate.

Now is the culprit shot at by the boys,
And given as prize, received with joyful noise.
To meet the goddess, young and timid girls
Run through the ways, strewing their robes in
whirls.

The maidens' locks are held by gems and gold,
Their jewelled sandals shine through falling
fold;

Veiled in the Grecian manner, robed in white,
They bear the sacred vessels to the height.
The golden pomp the people all admire,
Juno herself follows the sacred fire.

The rite is Greek. When Agamemnon died,
Halesus left his blood-stained country-side,
And, after wandering over sea and land,
Founded this city with propitious hand;
Junonian worship here he taught his race,
May it bring me, and all his people, grace!

OVID. AMORUM LIBER III, ELEGIA XIII.

AUGUST 8

TO HIS BOOK

To whom wilt be a gift, my little book?
 Make haste to choose a patron; round thee look,
 Lest they should carry thee to kitchen black,
 Where tunny-fish need damp papyrus-back,
 Or horns for salt or pepper shalt thou make.
 Ah! to Faustinus wisely dost thou take
 Thy way. Now cedar-perfumed shalt thou go,
 And wear a double crown about thy brow,
 In painted roller-ends thou shalt rejoice,
 Thy cover shall be all of purple choice,
 Thy index proud red-lettered shall appear:
 With this kind friend, no Critic shalt thou fear.

MARTIAL.

AUGUST 9

You who would seek sure ease from hardest burdens,—

Whether your own guilt stings your anxious breast,

Or pain cling to you as a closest comrade,—

Come, bear an easy yoke and take your rest.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

AUGUST 10

EVENING HYMN

On smooth-gliding wheel the sun
Makes the day to darkness run;
So with silent step and fast
Life draws near its goal at last.

Christ, who, nailed upon the cross,
Stretched thine arms to all the lost,
Make us love the cross, and then,
When thy voice is heard again,
Give us grace that when we die,
We in thine embrace may lie.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

AUGUST 11

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG

Thou who art in highest heaven,
Who canst still our every grief,
And to one in doubled sorrow
Sendest doubly-kind relief,—
I am weary of this struggle!
Why is all this joy and smart?
Sweetest peace and sweetest quiet,
Come, O come to my poor heart!

GOETHE.

AUGUST 12

Joyful
And sorrowful,
Thoughtful again;
Trembling,
Dissembling,
In quivering pain;
Heaven-high rejoicing,
Cast down from above,
Happy alone
Is the heart that can love.

GOETHE.

AUGUST 13

The bread of angels is made food for men.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

AUGUST 14

BOAT SONG

Ocean so bright and fair,
Shore so beloved
Drive all his troubles
From heart of the sailor.
Come to my little bark,
Swift as a swallow,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

AUGUST 15

ON THE GARDENS OF MARCELLA, HIS
WIFE

These groves, this fountain, and this shady
vine,

This stream in channel flowing ever clear;
These beds of roses yielding not the palm
To those of Pæstum that bloom twice a year;
This vegetable garden, bright and green
In January, which no frost can bite;
This well-stocked eel-pond, and this snowy
tower,

Full of its pretty pigeons just as white;
All these are my wife's gifts, at my return,
After an absence of seven lustres long:
This little kingdom and this empire small
Marcella gave, to her it did belong.
And now, if King Alcinous should make known
His wish to grant me all his fair domain,
I can make answer: "I prefer my own."

MARTIAL.

AUGUST 16

By the Word did water change its nature,
Reddening into wine at His command.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

AUGUST 17

CAMILLA

Last to the standard fair Camilla came,
 A warrior maid, of Volscian race and name,
 Leading a troop of horse and youthful bands:
 No expert she with distaff's twisted strands,
 But war she loved, and perils hard to meet,
 And to outstrip the winds with winged feet.
 Over the bending wheatfields could she fly,
 And never harm one blade beneath the sky;
 Or on the sea, above its swelling flood
 Dry-soled could pass, and make her footing
 good.

Her all the youths, from house and field poured
 forth,

Her all the mothers watch, with open mouth;
 They mark, as swift she passes out of sight,
 How a King's purple veils her shoulders slight,
 How golden circlets wreath her hair, and light
 A Lycian quiver hangs, pointed with myrtle
 bright.

VIRGIL. *ÆNEID* VII, 805.

AUGUST 18

Death is the cool and quiet night,
 Life is the day so sultry bright.
 'Tis twilight now, and I sleepy grow,
 The day has made me weary so!

Over my bed there rises a tree,
And in it a nightingale sings to me;
He sings of love and nought beside,
I hear it even in dreaming-tide.

HEINE.

AUGUST 19

THE DAWN OF DAY

The dawn of day
To all our woods gives back their fresh array;
Flora is lovelier coming back to stay;
The birds resume their joyous lay:
All things to celebrate assay
The dawn of day.

At dawn of day
Desire and fancy spring more bright and gay;
The troubadour of May
Sings of his love when night comes clad in
gray:
But better, I dare say,
At dawn of day.

The dawn of day
Sometimes, alas! brings sadness and dismay.
For night-time slips away,
And loving hearts delay,
When forced to break away
At dawn of day.

ÉTIENNE.

AUGUST 20

So does the limpid Meander among the Phrygian
rivers
Play, and with lapse ambiguous onward it flows
and backward ;
Meeting itself, it looks on the coming course of
its waters,
And now to its fountain source, now to the ocean
reverting,
It leads its uncertain waves in endless and ser-
pentine motion.

OID. METAMORPHOSES VIII, 163.

AUGUST 21

THE ARMOR

Venus, fair goddess, came through airy clouds,
Bringing her gifts ; and when in a far valley
She saw her son alone by a cool river,
She placed herself before, and thus addressed
him :

“ Behold the gifts I promised, O my son !
By Vulcan’s art perfected ; hesitate not
To challenge soon proud Turnus and his
people.”

She ceased, and sought her son’s embrace, and
left him,

Placing the radiant armor ’neath an oak.
He, joyful in the gifts, and in such honor,

Cannot be satisfied, but still examines
Each separate piece, and turns within his hands
The flashing helmet, dreadful with its crest,
The fatal sword, the cuirass stiff with brass,
As terrible and great as purple cloud
Struck by the sunrays, glowing from afar;
Then the light greaves of gold and of electrum,
The spear, and shield, hardest to be described.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID VIII, 608, *et seq.*

AUGUST 22

LIKE TO LIKE

A flower's little bell
Came out of the ground,
All early to blossom,
And fair to be found.
By came a bee,
And sipped its sweet,
Surely these for each other
Were made to meet.

GOETHE.

AUGUST 23

O heavenly Justice! slow to fall, but then
So much the heavier on evil men.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

AUGUST 24

When thou dost look, my star,
On the heavenly spheres afar,
I would I were the skies,
That thou mightst turn the blaze
Of all thy brightest rays
On me, and I might gaze
Upon thy thousand beauties with
a thousand eyes.

PLATO. TRANSLATED BY TASSO.

AUGUST 25

Happy and blest is he who can know the causes
of all things,
And every mortal fear and fate that cannot be
hindered
Under his feet has placed, and the noise of
Acheron greedy!
Fortunate too is he, who has known the gods
of the country,
Pan, and Silvanus old, and the sister Nymphs
in their kindness!
Neither popular power, nor even the royal
purple
Can move his soul, nor discord of faithless,
quarreling brethren;

Nor the Dacian descending in wrath from distant rebellious Ister ;
No, nor Roman affairs, and the kingdom falling to ruin ;
He needs not grieve for the poor, nor does he envy the rich man.
Fruits that the branches offer, and crops that come from the meadows
Almost at their own will, he gathers ; nor laws hard as iron,
Nor all the forum's madness, nor the people's records affect him.
Others may fret the shallow bays and rivers with galleys,
Others may rush into battle, and enter palace and temple.

VIRGIL.

AUGUST 26

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN TO HIS SOUL

Little soul of mine,
Hovering light and fine,
Body's comrade, body's guest,
In what places shalt thou rest?
When all pallid, rigid, stripped,
Thou no more shalt jest.

AUGUST 27

THE POET AND HIS MUSE

How dark the valley grows!
 I thought a veiled form rose
 Through the misty night of May.
 I saw it float and pass
 Above the flowery grass;
 Strange revery! and alas!
 Now it has vanished away.

Why does my heart beat fast?
 What is this fear that has passed
 And turned my soul to a stone?
 Does some one knock at my door?
 Why does the lamp no more
 Die down, but leap at my groan?
 Heaven! how can I tremble so?
 Who is there? Who calls me? No.
 It is but the clock's dull blow;
 I am poor and alone.

Is it thy voice's call,
 O my Muse, is it thou indeed?
 The immortal flower of all,
 The only friend at need,
 Who loves me and takes my part!

Yes, it is thou, my sweet,
I hear the rush of thy feet,
And I feel, in the night so deep,
Thy golden garment's sweep
And thy light overflow my heart.

DE MUSSET.

AUGUST 28

Happy the man, and likest to the gods,
Whom glory, shining with consuming fire,
Solicits not, nor luxury's false joy,
But he permits his quiet days to pass
In tranquil silence of a harmless life.

POLITIAN.

AUGUST 29

Thou art most like a flower,
So lovely, pure, and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.

I would that I could bless thee,
That God would thee secure;
I pray that He will keep thee
As lovely, fair, and pure.

HEINE.

AUGUST 30

ITALIAN FOLK-SONG

O rose of roses, O rose of beauty,
 For thee I sleep not day or night,
 To think of thee is all my duty,
 Return to thee, my one delight.
 My best delight, to turn to thee,
 Ever, dear love, thy face to see.

AUGUST 31

TO JULIUS MARTIAL

The things that make the happy life,
 O dearest Martial, these are they:
 A competence not won by strife,
 But left to us by will to-day;
 A quiet mind, a healthy frame,
 A fruitful field, a constant hearth;
 No law-suit, rarely robes of state,
 Prudent simplicity and mirth.
 Friends that are equal, kinsmen kind,
 A simple table without art;
 A sober night, no cares to bind,
 Sleep that makes short the shadowy part;
 A heart content, that never tires,
 Nor fears thy last day nor desires.

MARTIAL.

SEPTEMBER 1

THE SWAN AND THE EAGLE

SWAN:

On the quiet waters is my dwelling,
Where I move in circles smooth, outswelling
Still to vanish, while they mirror ever
Curving neck and whitest form.

EAGLE:

I nest in cliffs and rocky ledges,
I rush through clouds and whirlwind edges,
Trusting to strong wings that never
Flag in hunt or fight or storm.

SEPTEMBER 2

SWAN:

By Apollo's gracious nod invited,
In pure streams of song I bathe delighted;
Nestled at his feet, whene'er his singing
Floats and falls through Tempe's lovely
vale.

EAGLE:

By the throne of Jove, I sit, all brightening;
When he nods to me, I bring his lightning;
Then I sink in sleep, and cease my winging,
On his staff whose terrors never fail.

SEPTEMBER 3

SWAN :

Godlike strength and might surround and
bind me,—
Into Leda's arms I gladly wind me ;
Tender hands with soft caress and clasping
Stroke my plumage spreading all abroad.

EAGLE :

Like a bolt from the ether I started,
Ganymede from his comrades I parted ;
I bore him in talons' safe grasping,
And on high to Olympus I soared.

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SEPTEMBER 4

SWAN :

With foreboding gaze I watch the distance,
Mark the stars and all their soft insistence ;
And within me stirs a secret longing
For a heavenly home in heavenly land.

EAGLE :

I stretch my pinions, full of rapture,
As if I would the sunbeams capture ;
With the immortal race belonging,
I turn with scorn from earthly strand.

SEPTEMBER 5

SWAN:

Gentle lives a gentle death betoken;
When the golden cord of life is broken,
Tongue is loosed, and music's consecration
Falls upon the holy, blessed time.

EAGLE:

Death's torch is youth's gladdest renewing;
As a phœnix, its courses pursuing,
The soul flies with joyous elation
To greet its true heavenly clime.

A. W. SCHLEGEL.

SEPTEMBER 6

Music is one of the best and most beautiful gifts of God. . . . It is one of the best arts. The notes give life to the words. They drive away the spirit of heaviness, as one sees in King Saul. . . . Music is the best refreshment for troubled men, since it quickens the heart, and makes it once more at peace with itself.

MARTIN LUTHER.

SEPTEMBER 7

Thee before the end of day,
 Maker of all things, we pray,
 Guard us by thy clemency,
 Keep us in thy custody.

Let all dreams recede afar,
 Phantoms dark of nightly war,
 Keep our enemy in thrall,
 Keep our bodies pure from all.

Help us, Father, Holy One,
 With Thine own companion Son,
 With the Spirit Paraclete
 Reigning through the ages fleet.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

SEPTEMBER 8

Let us praise the holy Angels,
 Guardians of men are they,
 Whom the Father sent from heaven,
 Fragile nature's help and stay,
 That we should not yield to evil,
 Nor to passion fall a prey.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

SEPTEMBER 9

. . . The farmer opens the earth with his
crooked plough and his harrow.

This is his yearly toil; by this his country and
children

Calm he maintains, his bullocks too and his
oxen.

Rest has he none, for either the harvest loads him
with apples,

Or with the herd's increase; or the sheaves of
bountiful Ceres

Fill the furrows with wheat, and crowd his barns
unto bursting.

When winter arrives, Sicyonian berries he
bruises;

Joyful the swine return from their acorns; and
arbutus ripens;

Autumn gives various fruit, and then is time for
the vintage

High on the sunny rocks to grow and ripen in
mildness:

All this while his children dear hang round him
for kisses;

His home is purity's dwelling; his cows have
heaviest udders:

His kids on the pleasant grass delight to contend
with each other.

VIRGIL. GEORGICS II, 490-526.

SEPTEMBER 10

THE STARS

The Sun, it made a circle true
 The World around;
 The little Stars said: "We will go with you
 The World around";
 But the Sun it scolded them: "Stay without,
 I shall burn your golden eyes all out,
 In my fiery race round the World."

So the little Stars went to the Lady Moon,
 In the night;
 And they said: "O queen of the clouds so
 soon
 In the night,
 Let us travel with you, for your gentle ray
 Never will burn our eyes away."
 So she made them her comrades at night.

Now welcome, Stars and dear Lady Moon
 In the night!
 You know what the heart desires for a boon
 In the night;
 Come and kindle your heavenly fires on high,
 That I may rejoice with you, even I,
 In the friendly joy of the night.

ARNDT.

SEPTEMBER 11

THE DOVES

In the myrtles' shadow green
Mate with truest mate is seen;
Here we flutter, and exchange
Many kisses long;
 Search and stray,
 Coo and play,
 Yearn and range,
 Joy in wishes strong.

Drawing Venus' car we fly,
Pressing each to other nigh,
All our feathers blue and soft
Sunbeams edge like swords.
 When she smiles,
 How it beguiles!
 Come to us oft,
 Best of rewards!

Turn all storms and clouds away,
Goddess dear and kind, we pray;
In their modest, joyful frame
Keep thy pair of doves.
 Keep us together
 Through the fair weather;
 Then in thine altar-flame
 Offer our loves.

A. W. SCHLEGEL.

SEPTEMBER 12

Three kinds there are of human minds: the one
Can understand of its own self apart;
The second can but understand the sum
Of what another person may impart;
The third nor understands by self alone,
Nor by another's demonstration shown.

MACHIAVELLI.

SEPTEMBER 13

THE OLD SHEPHERD

To others poverty is vile, but dear
To me, so that I make no quest
For any treasure, and ambitions rare
Have never place within my quiet breast.
I quench my thirst only with water clear,
In which I fear not poison foul may rest:
And this small flock and orchard can dispense
All food I need for table or for sense.

TASSO.

SEPTEMBER 14

Suffer in silence and endure,
Let thy need call on God always,
In God despair not, but be sure
Good fortune will come any day.

LUTHER.

SEPTEMBER 15

In sorrow joy,
In gladness sorrow,
Glad in the Lord,
Sad for ourselves each morrow.

LUTHER.

SEPTEMBER 16

THE RAIN

The rain, the rain has come at length!
The thirsty vines are drinking,
The stems and branches draw new strength,
With drops the leaves are winking.
The praise of water let us sing,
For water is of life the king.

We could not have the purple grape
Without the help of water;
In vintage-time our thirst we'll slake,
And please the wife and daughter.
The lads and lasses dance and sing,
As piles of grapes come tumbling in
From baskets loaded to the brim,
And all is mirth and laughter.

AFTER ARMAND GOUFFÉ.

SEPTEMBER 17

SONG

While once I passed the meadow through,
 At eve I saw, beside the way,
 A flower all trembling wet with dew,
 A pale wild rose upon the spray.
 A bud was opening in its stead,
 All green and fresh it balanced there;
 I saw the new flower open spread;
 The youngest seemed the loveliest head:
 A man for newest things will care.

While once I sauntered through the vale,
 A bird was singing in the height;
 His little brood, in storm and hail,
 Had all been swept away that night.
 And yet he sang in morning glow;
 O muse of mine, weep thou no more:
 Who loses all, has God in store,
 Has God on high, and hope below.

DE MUSSET.

SEPTEMBER 18

A REMINDER

Why forever search and wander?
 Look! the Good you seek is here.
 Learn to grasp at Fortune quickly;
 Fortune ever standeth near.

GOETHE.

SEPTEMBER 19

TO MAXIMUS

One house thou hast on the Esquiline, one on the
hill of Diana,

A third one rises on high on the Patrician
Way;

From this side thou lookest on Cybele's temple,
from that side on Vesta's,

Here on the modern abode of Jupiter, there
on the old.

Tell me where I shall find thee, and in what place
I shall seek thee?

He who lives everywhere, ah! Maximus, no-
where he lives.

MARTIAL.

SEPTEMBER 20

PARTING

When two friends must be parted,

To each a hand they lend,

And then begins a sighing

And weeping without end.

But we have made no weeping,

We sighed not Ah! nor Oh!

The tears and sobs came after,

With anguish and with woe.

HEINE.

SEPTEMBER 21

SERENADE

O! lend from thy soft pillow
A dreaming ear, no more!
With my guitar's soft playing
Sleep on! what wilt thou more?

With my guitar's soft playing
The starry host that soar
Bless old eternal feelings;
Sleep on! what wilt thou more?

The old eternal feelings
Lift me on high to soar,
Out of this earthly whirlpool;
Sleep on! what wilt thou more?

From every earthly whirlpool
Thou drawest me more and more,
Driv'st me to outer darkness;
Sleep on! what wilt thou more?

Banished to outer darkness,
Thou hear'st me in dream, no more.
Oh! on thy soft white pillow
Sleep on! what wilt thou more?

GOETHE.

SEPTEMBER 22

COLOGNE

In the beautiful Rhine river
Stands mirrored all alone,
With its stately old Cathedral,
The holy town Cologne.

Within the great Cathedral,
On golden leather there,
Is painted a wondrous picture,
On my poor life it shines fair.

A wreath of flowers and angels
Clings round our Lady dear;
Her lips and cheeks and eyelids
Are like my sweetheart's here.

HEINE.

SEPTEMBER 23

THE LOTUS

The lotus-flower is troubled
By the burning sunbeams bright;
With head bent down and dreaming
She waiteth for the night.
The moon, he is her lover,
To wake her with his rays,
For him she unveils gladly
Her fairest flower-face.

She blushes and glows and glitters
And gazes up on high;
She weeps and shivers and trembles
With loving ecstasy.

HEINE.

SEPTEMBER 24

SONG

Ninon, Ninon, why dost thy life despise?
Time flieth fast and day succeeds to day.
The rose of eve to-morrow faded lies.
How canst thou live o'er whom love has no
sway?

What matter if the day end or begin?
When with another life within
Our heart-beats move?
Rosebuds, unfold. If death take you away,
Life is but sleep, and love its dream, we say,
We live indeed only but when we love.

DE MUSSET.

SEPTEMBER 25

Soldiers of the court celestial,
Lights of all the world are these,
All the blessed martyrs, changing
Earthly pain for heavenly peace.

FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

SEPTEMBER 26

THE SONG OF TROILUS

If no love is, O God! what feel I so?

And if love is, what thing and which is he?

If love be good, from whence may come my woe?

If it be bad, wondrous it seems to me

That every torment and adversity

That comes of him I should most savory
think,

For aye thirst I the more, each time I drink.

And if that at mine own desire I burn,

From whence then comes my wailing and my
plaint?

If harm so please me, wherefore plain I then?

I know not, nor why, wearied not, I faint.

O lively death, O sweetest harm so quaint,

How is there in my heart such store of thee,

But if that I consent that so it be?

And if that I consent, I wrongfully

Complain indeed: thus carried to and fro,

All rudderless within a boat am I

Amidst the sea, betwixt two winds that blow,

And in contráry stand forevermo.

Alas! what is this wondrous malady?

For heat of cold, for cold of heat I die.

CHAUCER, TRANSLATED FROM
PETRARCH'S 102ND SONNET.

SEPTEMBER 27

Look not out into the distant future,
Take what lies at hand, and do thy best;
Thou must sow, if thou wouldst reap the harvest,
Only busy hands know how to rest.

KARL SPITTA.

SEPTEMBER 28

His flesh and blood He gave us,
His fellowship in birth,
His precious death to save us,
Himself in heaven and earth.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

SEPTEMBER 29

Easy is the descent to Avernus, O son of Anchises,
Night and day wide open the gates of Plutus
are standing;
But to recall the foot, and once more to ascend
to the ether.
This is labor and toil. A few, beloved of
justice,
Of Zeus, or raised on high by the might of
excellent virtue,
A few have succeeded.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID VI, 126-129.

SEPTEMBER 30

NIGHT

It was deep night, and wearied ones were lying
In placid sleep o'er all the earth; the sighing
Of sylvan woods, and the fierce waters' crying
Lay quiet all, while the stars rolled above
In middle courses, and no breath did move
In any field; the flocks, and painted birds,
And all that live in lakes, and all that herds
In rough and thorny place, were softly soothing
Hearts that forgot their labors, and were
smoothing

All cares away in silent sleep and night.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID IV, 522-528.

THROUGH CARO'S ITALIAN TRANSLATION.

OCTOBER 1

NEARNESS

I think of thee, when the full sunbeams' bright-
ness

Streams on the sea;

I think of thee, when the moon's tender whiteness
The brook sends back to me.

I see thy face, when in the far-off distance
The mists arise;

In the deep night, when on the narrow pathway
The timid traveller hies.

I hear thy voice when, with a hollow murmur,
 The wave breaks on the shore;
 In the deep forest I go oft to listen
 When all is still once more.

I am with thee, though widest distance sever;
 Still thou art near!
 The sun is sinking, soon the stars will kindle.
 O wert thou here!

GOETHE TO LILI.

OCTOBER 2

Not all is taken from our earthly side,
 For love still lives and grief; now 'tis denied
 Such sweetness to behold, but though bereft,
 To weep and to remember it is left.

PETRARCH.

OCTOBER 3

The king of rivers,
 The great Eridanus, his bed o'erflowing,
 Tore up the forests in his angry course,
 And dragged away with him both herds and
 stalls.

VIRGIL. GEORGICS I, 481.

OCTOBER 4

A GIFT OF FLOWERS

Behold, for you the forest Nymphs bring baskets full of lilies:

For you the fountain Naiads pull bright yellow daffodillies,

Pale violets and poppies tall, and for your pleasure meet

The snowy-white narcissus flower with anise breathing sweet:

Then with sweet herbs encircling all, they gather and enfold

Soft hyacinth, of many bells, with saffron marigold.

VIRGIL. ECLOGUE II, 45-50.

OCTOBER 5

The Cross is health for every creature,

Brightest light and truest fire,

All the hope of all the faithful,

All their solace and desire.

'Tis of paradise the portal,

Where the saints rejoice immortal,

They who conquered in the fight;

Medicine for all the living,

By its strength and virtue giving

Wondrous gifts of healing might.

ST. BONAVENTURA.

OCTOBER 6

THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO

She bears Him to the world, and full of horror
 He gazes on the chaos of its crime,
 On the mad raging of its stormy passion,
 Its acts of folly and its waste of time,
 The pangs unceasing of its sorrow-torment,
 And all its agony of woe sublime;
 With grief He looks: and yet His eyes are beam-
 ing
 With peaceful triumph in His love redeeming.

SCHOPENHAUER.

OCTOBER 7

Jesu, who the prayer of mortals
 Lovest to receive,
 Lo, we come as suppliant asking
 Thee to help us and relieve.

If the chains of sin have bound us,
 Quickly us restore;
 From their dreadful weight and pressure
 Save us, we implore.

If the false, deceiving image
 Of this world that we deplore,
 Draw us to forget our heaven,—
 Save us, we implore.

If an adverse fate hang o'er us,
Threatening mind and body sore,—
Send us quiet, peaceful seasons,
Save us, we implore.

Save Thy children, ever crying
In the instant fear of death,
With Thy help may we be victors,
Gain the last reward of faith.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

OCTOBER 8

Use ever truth and honesty
Throughout thine earthly day,
And turn aside no finger's breadth
From God's appointed way.

Then in green meadow smooth and plain
Thou shalt draw peaceful breath;
Then shalt thou without fear or pain
Look in the face of death.

Then shall thy sickle and thy plough
Work easily and fine;
While all contented singest thou
With water as with wine.

OCTOBER 9

For villains, all is hard to bear,
 Let them do what they will;
 Crime drives them swiftly to and fro,
 Nor leaves them ever still.

The springtime never smiles for them.
 The corn-field smiles in vain;
 On craft and fraud is all their care,
 Their wish is only gain.

The wind that moves a single leaf
 Sends terror to their hearts,
 And after all this dream of life
 No rest the grave imparts.

Then use thou truth and honesty
 Throughout thine earthly day,
 And turn aside no finger's breadth
 From God's appointed way.

Thy children then will bless thy grave,
 And weep with sorrow there,
 And from their tears all fragrant flowers
 Will blossom to the air.

UNKNOWN.

OCTOBER 10

HATE AND LOVE

Oh! surely hate is sin,
And we shiver with terror deep,
When its viper form within
Uncoils from out its sleep.
Then hear me, powers above,
Be witness of my vow:
By the azure eyes I love,
By the blue sky o'er my brow;
By that star of pearly sheen
Whom we call by Venus' name,
When we see its brilliance keen
On the horizon flame;
By Nature's grandeur and might,
By the good Creator's power,
By the pure and tranquil light
That guides the traveller's hour,
By every herb and plant,
By forest and meadow green,
By the endless stream of life,
By the universe unseen,—
I banish thee from my mind,
Thou remnant of mad love,
Of dark, mysterious kind,—
Thou shalt sleep, no more to move!

* * * * *

And now, O dreamer fair!
Dear Muse, return to my arms!

Sing me some joyous air,
 As when first I felt thy charms;
 Already the dewy lawn
 Sends fragrance to greet the day;
 Come, wake my love to the dawn,
 To pluck the flowers gay.
 See immortal Nature stir
 And rise from the veils of night;
 We will be reborn with her
 In the first soft ray of light.

DE MUSSET.

OCTOBER 11

THREE PAIRS

Thou hast two ears, and but one mouth:
 Dost thou complain?
 Many the things that thou must hear,
 And little say again.

Thou hast two eyes and but one mouth;
 Make this thy part:
 Much must thou see and much keep close
 And still in heart.

Thou hast two hands and but one mouth;
 Learn in completing:
 Two hast thou there to work with, and
 But one for eating.

RÜCKERT.

OCTOBER 12

Glorious King of all the Martyrs,
Of Confessors Crown and Prize,
Bend to us an ear propitious,
Hear our humble litanies.

OCTOBER 13

LULLABY

The ears of corn are bending,
They hang their heavy head,
The tired flowers are sending
All round a look of dread.

Now come the evening breezes,
As still as angels' sweep;
The gentle wind, it pleases
The corn and flowers to sleep.

My tired little flow'ret,
Thou liest in thy nest,
And heavy as the corn-blades,
Thy little head would rest.

The evening airs upspringing,
From heaven they softly sweep,
Around the cradle singing
My little child to sleep.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

OCTOBER 14

TO POSTHUMUS

Tomorrow thou wilt live, thou sayst, always
tomorrow.

O Posthumus, declare when comes this
promised day?

Where is it, and how far? where shall we look
to find it?

Does it in Parthian land, or Armenian, hide
away?

Truly this same tomorrow has Priam's years
or Nestor's;

Tell me, I beg, how much for tomorrow shall
we pay?

Tomorrow thou wilt live? To-day's too late,
Posthumus!

The wisest man is he who has lived yester-
day.

MARTIAL.

OCTOBER 15

Who knoweth aught, should silent let it sleep;

Who is well-off, he should not change;

Who owneth aught, should hold it fast and
keep;

Misfortune strikes at shortest range.

MARTIN LUTHER.

OCTOBER 16

Make our hearts to burn and glow,
Gazing on Thy life below.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

OCTOBER 17

STORM

Autumn and wind and rain
Are howling and storming wild;
Where can she find a shelter?
My poor little frightened child!

I see her lean at her window,
Alone and still and white;
Her eyes are full of tear-drops,
She looks out into the night.

HEINE.

OCTOBER 18

PLEASURE

Forth from every pleasure springing,
Thorns are born that pain are bringing:
As a restless bee, at play,
In whomever tastes his honey
Plants his cruel sting and bloody
To heart's core, and flies away.

BOETIUS. TRANSLATED BY LOPEZ DE RETA.

OCTOBER 19

Fulfilled are all the psalms of faithful David,
The prophets' holy words are all fulfilled.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

OCTOBER 20

TO JULIUS MARTIAL

Dear Martial, if with thee I could enjoy my
days,
And safe dispose our time in calm and leisure
ways,
Living, for each alike, the true and only life;
We would ignore the halls and houses of the
great,
Nor tedious business rites, nor lawsuits full of
strife,
Would know, nor would we mind proud images
of state;
But walks and books and talk should be our
constant care,
The campus and the shade, the baths and
porches there;
These should have all our thoughts. But now,
alas! we see
Our good days fly away, and swiftly cease to be,
They perish all, and yet are counted to our cost.
When one knows how to live, O why should
time be lost?

MARTIAL.

OCTOBER 21

There is a lake, not far from the walls of the
city of Enna,
Pergus by name, and deep; than this not even
Caÿster.
Hears more songs of swans on its smooth and
full-flowing waters.
Surrounding every side, a wood is crown to the
water,
Keeping off Phœbus' rays with its leafage as
with a veiling.
Coolness the branches give, the ground gives
various flowers.
Here is perpetual spring. And here Proserpine
playing,
Gathers now violet buds, and now the whitest
of lilies,
And while, with girlish zeal she fills her dress
and her basket,
Striving here to excel, in gathering, all her
companions,
Almost at once is she seen and beloved and
kidnapped by Pluto,
So does his passion flame.

OCTOBER 22

All sadly the terrified goddess
Calls on her mother and friends, most often of
all on her mother;

And since her dress is torn away and down
 from the border,
 The flowers, with such care collected, fall away
 in disorder;—
 These too, lost and gone, awaken her grief and
 her anguish.
 The robber whirls her on in his car, and urges
 his horses,
 Calling each by his name, and shaking over
 their shoulders
 The reins he holds in his grasp, obscure and
 colored like iron;
 Past the lakes of the Palici, deep and smelling
 of sulphur,
 Swift he is borne, a land where craters glow
 and boil upward,
 And he arrives at last where the people coming
 from Corinth
 Between unequal harbors have built the walls of
 their city.

OVID.

OCTOBER 23

Children dear,
 Listen and hear
 God's word so clear,
 And all your elders' warnings and commands.
 This brings you blessings in all times and lands.

MARTIN LUTHER.

OCTOBER 24

GOOD COUNSEL

Fly from the crowd, and dwell with truthfulness,
Suffice to thine own good, though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
The crowd hath envy; wealth, deceit o'er all;
Savour no more than thee behoovë shall;
Rede well thyself, that canst another rede,
And truth thee shall deliver, there is no drede.

Trouble thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
Great rest remains in little business;
Beware alsò to spurn against a nail,
Strive not as doth a pitcher with a wall,
Judge thine own self that judgest others' deed,
And truth thee shall deliver, there is no drede.

OCTOBER 25

That thee is sent take in obedience.
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!
Leave thy desires, and let thy spirit thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver, there is no drede.

CHAUCER.

OCTOBER 26

On all the mountains
Is rest above,
In all trees and fountains
No breath can move;
The birds are quite still in the woodlands.
Wait, only wait,
Thy rest will not be late.

GOETHE.

OCTOBER 27

VULCAN

"Away with all," he says, "leave what you have
begun;
Cyclops of Ætna, turn your minds to this alone.
Arms for the brave we need, now is the time
for strength,
For quick and rapid hands, and master's skill
at length.
Throw off all slow delay."

ÆNEID VIII, 439.

OCTOBER 28

Only give me love and grace,
Rich I am and ask no more;
Let my earnest prayer find place,
Bend an ear when I implore.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

OCTOBER 29

MADRIGAL

Weeping, once thou gav'st a kiss;
Laughing, didst deny it.
So from grief thou broughtest bliss,
And from joy, disquiet.
Joy was born from woe and tears,
Grief from smiles: O lovers!
Sad your fate that always fears,
Fears and hopes discovers.

STROZZI.

OCTOBER 30

SESTINA

In thy difficulties never
Coward be, but brave and strong of heart;
And in prosperous hours ever,
When thy fortune blows from favoring part,
Reef, with careful, steady mind,
Sails that swell with every wind.

FROM THE SPANISH.

OCTOBER 31

O Sion, praise the Saviour,
Our shepherd and our guide,
In hymns and songs His deeds rehearse,
And spread His praises wide.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 1

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Through spaces vast goes Hymen on his way,
 Wrapt in his crocus cloak, his mantle gay,
 To the Cicones' borders turning south,
 Invoked in vain by Orpheus' tuneful mouth.
 He came indeed, but not with wonted word,
 Nor joyful face, nor was good omen heard;
 Even the torch he held hissed tearful smoke,
 No motion could its clearer flame evoke.
 The end was worse than all; for while the bride
 Walked with her Naiad troop in happy pride,
 A serpent bit her heel, and lo! she died.

NOVEMBER 2

When that the Thracian bard had mourned her
 long
 In upper air, the shades must hear his song,
 And by the gate Tænarian he dared
 Down to the Styx to pass, and there prepared
 To see the shadowy people, and the queen
 Persephone, and the sad realms between.

NOVEMBER 3

Striking the chords in answer to his song,
 Thus does he say: "O gods, to whom belong
 The lands that far below the earth are placed,
 To whom must fall each mortal frame de-
 faced,—

If I may speak, and you will let me tell
A tale that has no windings false to swell,—
Hear me declare I have not come so far
That I might see dark Tartarus, nor make war
On the three-headed beast with snaky jaws.
No, my dear wife is the one only cause
Of all my journey, whom a viper stung
Upon her foot, and ended life so young.

NOVEMBER 4

I strove to suffer and endure. In vain.
Love conquered. He o'er upper worlds doth
reign,
And even here his power is known, if true
The tale of theft, Love has joined also you.
O by these places full of dread and fear,
By chaos vast, by silence ruling here,
I pray, implore you, pity this my state,
Re-weave Eurydice's untimely fate.

NOVEMBER 5

All things are owed to you, for lo! we come
Sooner or later hastening to this home.
All life tends to this last abiding-place,
Your realms, the longest for the human race.
She too, when measure just her years compile,
Shall be your own. I ask her but a while,
A little while; and if the fates deny
This gift, I'll not return; we both will die."

NOVEMBER 6

For him, while thus he sang, and touched his
 lyre,
 The bloodless shades lamented midst their fire.
 No more poor Tantalus essayed to steal
 The flying water, and Ixion's wheel
 Stood still, the greedy vultures ceased to tear
 Their human food, the Danaids' urns were bare,
 The stone of Sisyphus became his chair.
 For the first time did tears of pity fall
 From the Eumenides; the queen of all
 Could not the prayer of Orpheus more with-
 stand.

NOVEMBER 7

They call Eurydice. Among the band
 Of latest shades she walked with footsteps slow.
 With her a stern condition they bestow
 On Orpheus, for he may not turn his eyes
 Until Avernus far behind him lies,
 Or else the gift is but an empty prize.
 They undertake the way in silence mute,
 A way obscure and steep, as black as soot.

NOVEMBER 8

And now they've come within a distance small
 From the earth's edge; when, fearing lest she fall,
 And eager to behold, her lover turned

His eyes. At once, all backward spurned,
Stretching her arms, desirous to embrace
And be embraced, nothing except a space
Of empty air, unhappy, she received;
But for her second death she is not grieved,
Nor can she blame her husband's eagerness;
How could she wish that he should love her less?
Her last farewell she said, and scarcely caught
His ear, and to her former place is brought.

NOVEMBER 9

All stupefied with grief stood Orpheus there,
Like him who saw the dreadful bristling hair
Of the three-headed dog, and, changed by fear,
In shape a stony image did appear.
Or like to thee, Olenos, strong to share
Lethea's crime of boasting she was fair;
Two loving hearts, and now two shapes of stone
On Ida's misty mountain standing lone.
Orpheus implores the ferryman in vain,
No second passage can his prayers obtain;
Seven days he sat uncared-for on the shore,
While groans and tears were all his food and
store,
Then blaming gods of Erebus and fate,
Aloof and proud in all their cruel state,
Back to high Rhodope he turned his feet,
And Hæmon beaten by the northwinds' sleet.

OVID. METAMORPHOSES X, 1-77.

NOVEMBER 10

Come and hear my counsel given!
 Use your youth bestowed by heaven.
 With the hours wiser grow:
 On the dial-plate of time
 Ever moves the pointer slow;
 Thou must rise or sink below,
 Win or lose, be slave or free,
 Hammer or the anvil be.

GOETHE.

NOVEMBER 11

No page more grateful to the Muses seems
 Than that which mingles grave with merry
 themes,
 To recreate the wearied mind
 With useful nonsense well combined.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

NOVEMBER 12

From the rising of the sun
 To the ends of all the earth,
 Sing the praises of the King,
 Praise the glories of His birth.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 13

UNDER THE ROSE

The rose, the flower of Venus' dower,
She gave her little son ;
Love with this bribe, his thefts to hide,
The god of silence won.
So now above his friendly board
The host suspends a rose,
To warn each guest that secret rest
What talk beneath it flows.

LATIN EPIGRAM.

NOVEMBER 14

ON CINNA

They tell me that Cinna writes verses against
me, but no,
He writes not, for nobody reads what Cinna
has labored to show.

Thou sayest it is nothing, whatever thou hast
sought ;
If nought thou askest, Cinna, then I deny thee
nought.

MARTIAL.

NOVEMBER 15

Come, Sleep, O come! although thou art
 Sure image of the death we dread,
 Yet I desire with all my heart
 To have thee consort of my bed.
 O hither come, and to depart
 Be slow, for lifeless thus to lie
 'Tis sweet to live, thus without death to die.

T. WARTON.

NOVEMBER 16

Come away, O soul of mine, leave thy bed of
 slumber,
 Languor, torpor, vanity, drive away their num-
 ber;
 Make thine inmost heart to show love and meet
 behavior,
 Thinking on the wondrous deeds of thy gentle
 Saviour.

UNKNOWN LATIN AUTHOR.

NOVEMBER 17

Thou who dwellest midst the lilies,
 Circled by a choir of virgins,
 Bridegroom decked with every glory,
 Here thy suppliants pray to thee.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 18

THE DAISY

When that the month of May
Is come, and that I hear the birdes sing,
And that the flowers at last begin to spring,
Farewell my book and my devotion.

Now have I also this condition
That out of all the flowers in the mead
Then love I most those flowers white and red
Such as men callen daisies in our town;

NOVEMBER 19

To them I have such great affection,
As I said erst, when comes at last the May,
That in my bed there dawneth me no day,
But I am up, and walking in the mead
To see this flower against the sun outspread,
When it ariseth early by the morrow;
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow,
So glad am I, when that I have présence
Of it, to do it fullest reverence,

NOVEMBER 20

As she that is of all the perfect flower,
Fulfillèd of all virtue and honór,
And ever alike fair and fresh of hue,
And ever I love it, ever alike new,
And ever shall, until my heart may die;

Though I swear not, in this I will not lie.
My busy spirit, that thirsteth alway new
To see this flower so young, so fresh of hue,
Constrained me with such greedy desire,
That in my heart I feel even yet the fire,
That made me rise before that it were day,

NOVEMBER 21

And this was now the first morrow of May,
With reverent heart and glad devotion
For to be at the resurrection
Of this one flower, when that it should uncloze,
Against the sun, that rose as red as rose,
That in the breast was of the beast that day
That Agenorës daughter led away:
And down on knees anon I right me set,
And as I could, this fresh flower did I greet,
Kneeling alway, till it unclosed was,
Upon the small and soft and sweetest grass,
That was with flowers sweet embroidered all.

.

NOVEMBER 22

Forgotten had the earth its poor estate
Of winter, that it naked made and mate,
And with his sword of cold so sorely grieved;
Now had the temperate sun all that re-leaved
That naked was, and newly again clad.
And the small birds, of the fresh season glad,

That from the net and from the trap have
 strayed,
Of the fierce fowler, that them sore affrayed
In winter, and destroyèd had their brood,—
In his despite thought that it did them good

NOVEMBER 23

To sing of him and in their song despise
The bad, foul churl, that for his covetise
Had them betrayèd with his sophistry —
This was their song: “The fowler we defy
And all his craft”: and some sang high and
 clear

Their lays of love that joy it was to hear,
In worshipping and praising of their mate,
And for the new and blissful summer’s sake.

Upon the branches, full of blossoms soft,
In their delight they turnèd them full oft,
And sang: “O blessed be Saint Valentine,
For on his day I choose you to be mine,
Without repentance, mine own heartë sweet.”

CHAUCER.

LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

NOVEMBER 24

PÆTUS AND ARRIA

When to her Pætus Arria gave the sword,
Which she had drawn from out her pure
 heart’s core,

“It hurts me not,” she said, “believe my word;
But what thou doest, that will hurt me
sore.”

MARTIAL.

NOVEMBER 25

O holiest Lord, who rulest o'er the world,
Hearken to these our praises from below;
The morning comes with healing wings unfurled,
Night's shadows flee, and light begins to glow.
May light eternal rise upon our heart,
And sanctifying peace its joy impart.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 26

O fountain pure of love immortal,
O stream of waters always new,
O flame that softens the hard-hearted,
O charity forever true!
Hide us within Thy heart, Lord Jesu,
That there we may for aye remain,
Enjoy Thy grace in rich outflowing,
To heavenly happiness attain.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 27

MORNING HYMN

Splendor of the Father's glory,
Bringing light from light away,
Light of light, and fount of brightness,
Day illuminating day,

O true Sun, look down upon us,
Shining from thine endless store,
And the radiance of thy Spirit
Into all our senses pour.

ST. AMBROSE.

NOVEMBER 28

TO SEVERUS

Small are the gifts my garden can send thee for
thy drouth,
Eggs for thy throat, Severus, and apples for
thy mouth.

If I had Libyan game-birds, they should be
thine, my friend;
Such as I have I give thee, my barnyard fowls
I send.

MARTIAL.

NOVEMBER 29

Still the flames of angry strife,
Take away the hurtful heat;
To our bodies health and life,
To our hearts give peace most sweet.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

NOVEMBER 30

Receive this small umbrella, a present from a
friend,
In burning summer days 'twill shield from too
much sun;
And if the wind should blow, again its help 'twill
lend,
It can answer for a veil, and serve both ends
in one.

MARTIAL.

DECEMBER 1

ON HIS RUSTICATION

Asked what I do, in country life delaying
Far from the town,— I answer in a word:
I pray the gods at daybreak, then I visit
My fields, review my servants, and award
To each his just amount of fitting labor.
I read then, call on Phœbus, tease the Muse;

Then oil and rub my body, and most willing,
Constrain it mild palestra toil to use.
With joyful mind, free from the money-lender,
I dine, drink, sing, play, bathe, and sup, and
rest;
And while my little lamp consumes its oil,
I write these lucubrations with great zest.

MARTIAL.

DECEMBER 2

MOUNT VESUVIUS

This is Vesuvius, once all green with shady vine:
Here best and noblest grapes pressed down the
vats with wine.
This height great Bacchus loved more than his
Nyssa's hill:
Here lately Satyrs led their choral dance at will.
Here was fair Venus' home, than Sparta held
more dear;
This place the famous name of Hercules made
clear.
Now flames lay all things low, sad ashes cover
o'er:
The gods on high decreed its power should grow
no more.

MARTIAL.

DECEMBER 3

CLAUDIA

Claudia Rufina on wild British shore

Was born, and yet how Latian is her mind!

How beautiful her form! Italian dames

Believe her Roman, Athens of her kind.

Gods, who have granted to this holy pair

Children, and hope of grandsons yet to come,

Be still propitious, ever let her share

With her one husband, her three sons, and
home.

MARTIAL.

DECEMBER 4

PRAYER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

Thou maid and mother, daughter of thy son,

Thou well of mercy, sinful soul's cure,

In whom that God of bounty chose to won;

Thou humble and high o'er every creature,

Thou who dost so ennoble our nature,

That no disdain the Maker had of kind

His Son in blood and flesh to clothe and wind;

.

Now help, thou meek and blissful fairest maid,

Me, banished wretch, in this desèrt of gall;

Think on the Canaanite, on her who said

That dogs oft eat some of the crumb's small

That from their Lord's table down may fall;

And though that I, unworthy son of Eve,
Be sinful, yet accept ye my belief.

DECEMBER 5

And for that faith is dead till it may work,
So for to work give me both wit and space,
That I be quit from place most dark and mirk,
O thou that art so fair and full of grace,
Be thou mine advocate in that high place,
Where as without an end is sung Hosanna,
Thou Christës' mother, daughter dear of Anna;

And with thy light my soul in prison light,
That troubled is by the contagion
Of my body, and also by the weight
Of earthly love and false affection:
O haven of refuge, O salvation
Of them that are in sorrow and distress,
Now help, for to my work I will me dress.

CHAUCER.

SECOND NUN'S TALE.

DECEMBER 6

The Lord returns to earth
And with Him everything,
The flowers have their new birth
The birds rejoice and sing.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

DECEMBER 7

THE DOVE

As frightened dove that flutters from the cave
Where its sweet nest and home deep hidden
lie,

With noise of beating pinions flies on high,
But soon in quiet air forgets its dread,
And cuts its liquid way with moveless wings out-
spread:

So Pristis' galley the last space has won;
He strikes the waves, his impulse bears him on.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID V, 213-219.

DECEMBER 8

TO LEONORA

O credulous Naples, who dost vainly say
Thy Siren has departed, and the bright
Parthenope has left her home of light,
And given her body to the fire away!
No, for she lives, and only change has made
Of Posilippo's hoarsely murmuring shore
For Tiber's gentle waters, evermore
Adorned with favoring laurels and sweet shade.
Here happy with her song both gods and men
are made.

FROM MILTON'S LATIN.

DECEMBER 9

TO LEONORA SINGING IN ROME

For each and every man an angel bright
His own, his guardian, stoops from heavenly
height,

And leaves the ranks of hosts ethereal there,
To wander through this dim and misty air.
What wonder, then, if honor still more great,
O Leonora, is thy happy fate?
Through thee and through thy voice the present
God

Breathes power and harmony, thou art a rod
By which He guides and teaches mortal hearts
To lay aside their sensual, fleshly parts.
For if our God is everywhere infused,
Through thee alone He speaks, thy tongue alone
is loosed.

PARAPHRASE FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.

DECEMBER 10

No one can reckon what it costs God to give
nourishment even to the birds alone, who need
almost nothing. But I hold that it costs more
to maintain the sparrows for one year than the
King of France has for his income. What can
one say then of the rest?

MARTIN LUTHER.

DECEMBER 11

There was a King of Yvetot
 Little known in story,
 Rising late, retiring soon,
 Sleeping without glory,
 Crowned by Jeanneton his maid
 With a simple cap of cotton braid,
 So they said.
 Oh! Oh! Oh! Rat-tat-tat!
 What a good little king was that!

He eat four hearty meals a day
 Within his thatch-roofed palace,
 And on mule-back, step by step,
 Round his kingdom sallies.
 Simple and glad, he thinks no ill,
 He has no guard, nor needs one still,
 Save a dog at will.
 Oh! Oh! Oh! Rat-tat-tat!
 What a good little king was that!

BÉRANGER.

DECEMBER 12

THE LARK

We greet thee well, O heavenly herald,
 Sweet Spring's forerunner, dear singing com-
 rade;
 A thousand greetings, O lark beloved!
 Thou teachest twice, both song and living.

Thou friend of industry and morning,
Awak'ning meadow, field, and herdsman;
Thou drivest sleep from opening eyelids;
For the early lark sings glad reveillès.

Thou strengthenest hands that grasp the
ploughshare,
Thou settest the note for the hymn of morning,
Awake and sing, my heart so joyful,
Awake and sing, my heart so thankful.

DECEMBER 13

And every creature, bride of sunlight,
Awakes refreshed from drowsy slumber;
The steadfast trees all hear in wonder
The heavenly song, and renew their verdure.

The twigs shoot forth, the buds unfold them,
The leaves slip out from cradling cover,
The young birds stir in their nest of shelter,
And doubtful try their little voices.

Then thou, brave lark, good courage bringest,
At earliest glance of youthful springtide,
High over envious care uplifted,
Beyond our vision, yet not our hearing.

Ardent thou wingest thy way to heaven,
Then modestly down to earth thou sinkest;
Timidly nestling deep in the grasses,
Again to heaven uprising joyful.

DECEMBER 14

For this, O lark, so good and modest,
Lifted above all pride and hindrance,
Thou cheerful friend of godly labor,
For this, heaven gave in reward and payment

Thy lovely song, brave and unwearied,
Thy voice of joy through all the springtide.
Even Philomel, the bird of rapture,
Must by thy longer song be conquered.

For alas! the notes of love and longing
In Philomela's song die quickly;
But devotion's hymn, so strong and joyful,
The hymn of labor, has longer tenure.

HERDER.

DECEMBER 15

TO A FRIEND

Enclosed in a wicker cover, this flask, for snowy
refreshment,

This in the season of Saturn shall be my gift
to thee;

If thou complainest that I have sent in the
month of December

A gift fit only for summer, then send in re-
turn to me

The thinnest and lightest of togas, and I'll
take it willingly.

MARTIAL.

DECEMBER 16

MOUNTAIN IDYL

Quiet stays the moon without doors
Far behind the green fir-tree,
And within the room, our lamplight
Flickers dim and faint to see.

But my two blue stars of lovelight
Beaming shine with clearest ray,
And her rosy cheeks are glowing,
Whilst I hear the maiden say:

“Little people, tricky goblins,
Steal our bread and all our store;
In the chest it lies at evening,
In the morning there's no more.

“Little people from our milk-pan
Drink the cream with eager zest;
Then they leave the dish uncovered;
And the cat laps up the rest.

“And our cat's a witch, I'm certain,
For she steals in stormy hour
Over to the haunted mountain,
To the old and crumbling tower.”

DECEMBER 17

THE BUTTERFLY

Lovely, airy thing on high,
 Butterfly!
 Over flowers fluttering,
 On but dew and honey feeding,
 Flower thyself, a flying leaf,—
 Whose can be the rosy finger
 Has empurpled all thy sheaf?

Was't a Fairy who thy robe
 So bestrewed.
 Formed thee out of morning fragrance,
 Made thee only live in dayglance?
 Little soul, thy tiny heart
 Beats so fast beneath my finger,
 Feels a deathful smart.

Fly, O little soul, and be
 Gay and free,
 Sign to me what I may grow,
 When this earth's dark wormy show
 E'en like thee a zephyr is,
 And in fragrant dew and honey
 Every flower may kiss!

HERDER.

DECEMBER 18

A youth in Einsiedeln was troubled by evil thoughts and wicked desires. He went to an old man for counsel, and asked what to do. The old father answered: "Thou canst not hinder the birds from flying to and fro in the air, but thou canst certainly keep them from making a nest upon thine head or in thine heart."

MARTIN LUTHER.

DECEMBER 19

THE ABODE OF THE GODS

Where the gods reign, there are abodes of quiet
That no winds shake, nor clouds asperse with
showers,

Nor the white-falling snow, by frost congeal'd,
Injures in aught, but ever cloudless ether
Covers, and smiles with light diffus'd and wide.

LUCRETIVS.

DECEMBER 20

Who ne'er his bread with tears has eat,
Who never through the midnight hours
Upon his bed in sorrow sat,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

GOETHE.

DECEMBER 21

TWO WAYS TO VIRTUE AND
STRENGTH

Two are the ways by which man struggles up-
ward to virtue;

Closed should one of them be, open the other
will lie.

The fortunate wins by action, the sufferer wins
by patience,

Happy that man will be, whose fortune con-
tributeth both.

SCHILLER.

DECEMBER 22

O ashes of my fathers! bear me witness
That in your sacred cause I was not daunted
By arms nor by the host of all the Greeks:
And if fate had decreed that I should fall,
I should have earned my death by my own deeds.

ÆNEID II, 431.

DECEMBER 23

Holy mystery effulgent
In the blessed Cross doth reign,
Death destroyed by life triumphant,
Life, by death, brought back again.

ROMAN BREVIARY.

DECEMBER 24

OLD FRENCH NOËL

All among the shepherds lowly,
With the cattle, Christ the holy
In the fields has willed His birth;
Not among the splendors glorious
Of the greatest Kings victorious,—
He, the King of all the earth.

DECEMBER 25

In a cradle is lying,
An infant, and sighing,
The Word that all things has spoken;
The earth's Sun is freezing,
His bright flame is ceasing;
O what may all this betoken?

What has down-driven
God to a cavern?
O this is love's doing and leaven!
Farewell, stars of light,
Hail caves of dark night,
A stable now is my heaven!

UNKNOWN LATIN AUTHOR.

DECEMBER 26

The people of Antdorf had caused a beautiful tapestry to be made for the Emperor Charles, and on it was worked a representation of the Battle of Pavia, in which the King of France had been taken prisoner. But the Emperor would not receive it, because he did not wish that any one should think he could rejoice in the misfortune and misery of another.

MARTIN LUTHER.

DECEMBER 27

THE MARTYRS

Earthly terrors they have conquered,
Pains of body they despised,
Holy death they gave in barter
For the blessed life they prized.

FOURTH OR FIFTH CENTURY.

DECEMBER 28

Five things are difficult: to know thyself,
To keep a secret, injuries to pardon,
To spend time well, and (free from love of self)
To do thy duty with no hope of guerdon.

FROM THE SPANISH.

DECEMBER 29

ASSONANCES

True riches is not gold, nor does possession
bring it:

But he who has no fears, he is both rich and
happy.

Greater will be thy joy, if in so many dangers,
Envy pursue thee not, but oblivion dwell with
thee.

FROM THE SPANISH.

DECEMBER 30

HOLY INNOCENTS

Hail, ye little martyred flowers!

On the threshold of your life,

Whom the bloody sword devours,

Rosebuds with the wind at strife.

First to give your breath away,

Tender flock of slaughtered lambs,

'Neath the altar-stone you play

With your own crowns and palms.

PRUDENTIUS.

DECEMBER 31

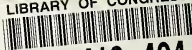
SONG

Long have I the battle waged,
 Now I cease to strive,
 When the old man is destroyed,
 Starts the new alive.
 And if thou shouldst have it not,
 This great death and birth,
 Art thou but a weary guest
 On this darksome earth.
 GOETHE. (The last verse he wrote.)

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